MADELEINE L'ENGLE'S

A Wrinkle in Time

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY **HOPE LARSON**

A Wrinkle in Time

MADELEINE L'ENGLE'S

A Wrinkle in Time

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY
HOPE LARSON

Margaret Ferguson Books
FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX · NEW YORK

For Charles Wadsworth Cano and Wallace Collin Franklin
—M.L.

To Mom and Dad
—H.L.

Text copyright © 1962 by Crosswicks, Ltd.
Pictures copyright © 2012 by Hope Larson
All rights reserved
Distributed in Canada by D&M Publishers, Inc.
Printed in the United States of America by R.R. Donnelley & Sons Company, Harrisonburg, Virginia
Designed by Hope Larson and Andrew Arnold
Colored by Jenn Manley Lee
First edition, 2012

mackids.com

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Larson, Hope.
A wrinkle in time / Madeleine L'Engle ; adapted and illustrated by Hope Larson. — 1st ed.
p. cm.
Summary: A graphic novel adaptation of the classic tale in which Meg Murry and her friends become involved with unearthly strangers and a search for Meg's father, who has disappeared while engaged in secret work for the government.
eISBN 978-1-4668-3227-5
1. Graphic novels. [1. Graphic novels. 2. Science fiction. 3. L'Engle, Madeleine. Wrinkle in time—Adaptations.] I. L'Engle, Madeleine. Wrinkle in time. II. Title.

PZ7.7L37Wr2012
741.5'973—dc22

2010044120

Table of Contents

1 Mrs Whatsit..... page 9
2 Mrs Who..... page 37
3 Mrs Which..... page 67
4 The Black Thing..... page 101
5 TheTesseract..... page 135
6 The Happy Medium..... page 161
7 The Man with Red Eyes..... page 201
8 The Transparent Column..... page 241
9 IT..... page 263
10 Absolute Zero..... page 297
11 Aunt Beast..... page 315
12 The Foolish and the Weak..... page 343

A Wrinkle in Time

1
Mrs Whatsit

It was a dark and stormy night.

Like school. School's all wrong.
REGIONAL HIGH SCHOOL
Really, Meg–
I don't understand how a child with parents as brilliant as yours can be such a poor student.
If your grades don't improve, you'll have to stay back next year.
Then, at lunch, I thought I'd blow off some steam.
HA HA
HA
HA HA
HA
Hey!
Oh, I'm–
We aren't *kids* anymore, Meg. Why do you always act like such a *baby*?

And then *after* school–
–her dumb baby brother.
Snerk!
Just say that again!
Aw, Meg–
Let us do the fighting when it's necessary.
Sandy
Dennys
A delinquent, that's what I am. That's what they'll be saying next.
Not Mother, or Sandy and Dennys, or Charles–but Them. Everybody Else.
I wish Father–

Father. Only Mother can talk about him in a natural way. Only Mother can say things like:

When your father gets back–

PFFPT!

But back from where?

PSST PSST

And when?

RATTLE

RATTLE

Sigh.

Yawn

Z Z Z

Everyone's asleep. Everyone but me.

Z Z Z

Even Charles Wallace, who can always tell when I'm–

I thought you'd be awake.

He's asleep, too.

Even though there were hurricane warnings all day on the radio, and at any moment–

RATTLE

AIEEEEEE

RATTLE

Meg!

You asked to have the attic bedroom, and Mother let you have it because you're the oldest!

It's a *privilege*, not a punishment!

Not during a hurricane, it isn't a privilege!

Go back to sleep.

Just be glad you're a kitten—

Not a monster like me.

Sigh.

'FF WUFF

VUFF WUFF

UFF

WUFF

Huh?

What's *he* barking at?

Fortinbras never barks without a reason.

Mrs. Buncombe's tramp!

It certainly *was* a tramp.

U.S. POST OFFICE

Who else would steal twelve sheets? And right off the line, too.

Oh—hello, Meg.

Heard from your father lately?

WUFF WUFF

WUFF WUFF WUFF WUFF WU UFF

Ouch!

Great

Now I'll have a bruise on my hip on top of everything

else

Why must everything happen to me?!

WUFF WUFF WUFF WUFF

zzz foul ball, Dennyzzz

ZZZ zzzZZZ

The twins are lucky They don't have any problems

CREAKING SEVENTH STEP

Fortinbras stopped barking It must not be the tramp

But suppose it is? Suppose he has a knife? No one lives near enough to hear if we screamed and screamed and screamed

Nobody'd care, anyhow

Oh, well. I'll make myself some cocoa That'll cheer me up, and if the roof blows off, at least I won't go–

–with it?

Hi!

I've been waiting for you

Z

Why didn't you come up to the attic? I've been scared stiff!

Too windy up there–and I knew you'd be down

How does he always know about me? He knows things about Mother, too, but never Dennys or Sandy

Charles has always been different Special. Which must be why people think he's–

–just not *right*

Well, I've heard clever people often have subnormal children.

The two boys seem to be nice, regular children–

–but that unattractive girl and the baby boy certainly aren't all there

I put some milk on the stove for you. It should be hot by now

SSIMMER

It's true he didn't talk till he was almost four, but Father said

Don't worry about Charles Wallace, Meg. There's nothing wrong with him

Oh

He just does things in his own way and in his own time.

I don't want him to grow up dumb like me

Oh, my darling, you're not dumb

You're like Charles. You do things your own way, at your own pace. It just doesn't happen to be the usual pace

How do you *know*? *How do you know* I'm not dumb? Isn't it just because you love me?

I love you, but that's not what tells me. Mother and I have given you several tests, you know

IQ tests?

Yes, some of them

Is my IQ okay?

More than okay

What is it?

That I won't tell you

But both you and Charles will be able to do pretty much whatever you like when you grow up

"Just wait till Charles Wallace starts to talk. You'll see."

HUH?

You'd better check the milk

You know you don't like it when it gets a skin on top

You put in more than twice enough milk.

I thought Mother might like some

I might like what?

Cocoa. Would you like a liverwurst-and-cream-cheese sandwich? I'll be happy to make you one

That would be lovely, but I can make it myself if you're busy

No trouble at all

How about you, Meg? Sandwich?

Please—but not liverwurst. Do we have any tomatoes?

One

All right if I use it on Meg, Mother?

To what better use could it be put?

Meg–

come let me look at that bruise

Sigh

You don't know the meaning of moderation, do you, my darling? A happy medium is something I wonder if you'll ever learn

That's a nasty bruise the Henderson boy gave you. After you'd gone to bed his mother called to complain about how badly you'd hurt him

I told her that since he's a year older and at least twenty-five pounds heavier than you, I was the one who ought to be complaining

But she seemed to think it was all your fault

No matter *what* happens people think it's all my fault

I'm sorry I tried to fight him. It's just–it's been an awful week

Do you know why?

I *hate* being an oddball!

It's hard on Sandy and Dennys, too

I don't know if they're really like everybody else, or if they're just able to pretend they are

I try to pretend, but

I'm sorry, Meglet. Maybe if Father were here he could help you, but I don't think I can do much till you've managed to plow through some more time. Then things will be easier for you

But that isn't much help right now, is it?

Maybe if I weren't so repulsive looking- maybe if I were pretty like you-

Mother's not a bit pretty! She's beautiful

Therefore I bet she was awful at your age

How right you are. Just give yourself time, Meg

I think I'll

Mrs

at

Who's Mrs Whatsit?

What's Mrs Whatsit stand for?

That's her name. You know the old house back in the woods that the kids all say is haunted?

That's where they live

They?

Mrs Whatsit and her two friends

RATTLE

WOOOOOOOO

We'll lose some shingles off the roof, that's certain- but this house has stood for almost two hundred years and I think it will last a little longer

I don't think I like this wind

But this is a hurricane! The radio kept saying-

GRRROWR

RRRRRRRR

RRRR

Do you think there's something in the lab?

Did you leave any smelly chemicals cooking over a Bunsen burner, Mother?

No

But I'd better go see what's upsetting Fort

It's the tramp!
What tramp?
Th-they were saying at the post office that a tramp stole all Mrs. Buncombe's sheets
I don't think even a tramp would be out on a night like this, Meg
Wait!
I'll go with you!
No, Meg. Stay with Charles and eat your sandwich
Mother can take care of herself

KICK
KICK
KICK
Mrs Whatsit, what are you doing here?
And at this time of night, too?
Now don't you be worried, my honey
Mrs– uh–Whatsit– says she lost her way

It isn't so much that I lost my way as that I got blown off course

And when I realized that I was at little Charles Wallace's house I thought I'd just come in and rest a bit before proceeding on my way

How did you know this was Charles Wallace's house?

By the smell

Would you like a sandwich, Mrs Whatsit? I've had liverwurst and cream cheese, Charles has had bread and jam, and Meg, lettuce and tomato

UHK

Now, let me see—

I'm passionately fond of Russian caviar

You peeked!

We're saving that for Mother's birthday and you can't have any!

SIGH

No!

And you mustn't give in to her, Mother, or I shall be very angry!

How about tuna fish salad?

Oh, all right

I'll fix it

I'll bet she is the tramp I'll bet she *did* steal those sheets

TUNA FISH

She's certainly no one Charles Wallace ought to be friends with, especially when he won't even talk to ordinary people

–and I didn't think I was going to like the neighbors at all until dear little Charles came by with his dog

Mrs Whatsit–

Why did you take Mrs Buncombe's sheets?

I *needed* them, Charles, dear

You must return them at once.

But, Charles, dear, I *can't*. I've *used* them

If you needed sheets that badly, you should have asked me

You can't spare any sheets Mrs Buncombe can

CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP CHOP

Tell your sister I'm all right, Charles Tell her my intentions are good.

CHOP CHOP CHOP

Here's your sandwich.

Do you mind if I take off my boots before I eat?

Listen–

Squeak

My toes are ever so damp, and these boots are too tight for me, and I never can take them off by myself

I'll help you

Not you You're not strong enough

I'll help

Arrrgh!

Are you all right, Mrs Whatsit?
If you have some liniment, I'll put it on my dignity. I think it's sprained
Oh, dearie me
Have you ever tried getting up with a sprained dignity?
CHOMP
Do please get up. I don't like seeing you lying there that way. You're carrying things too far

Now pull while I'm already down
Ah!
POP!
That's ever so much better
My stomach is full and I'm warm inside and out and it's time I went home
But it's much too wild a night to travel in
Wild nights are my glory. I just got caught in a downdraft and blown off course
Well, at least wait till your socks are dry–
Don't worry about me, lamb. I'll just pop my boots on and then I'll be on my way.
And speaking of ways, by the way, there is such a thing as a tesseract

W-
what did
you say?
I said–
–as a
tesseract.
That
there is–
–such a
thing–

2
Mrs Who

WUFF
WUFF
WUFF

BZZTNG

SMACK!

twee twee

It must have been a dream

I was frightened by the storm, so I *dreamed* I went down to the kitchen–

–and Mrs Whatsit–

–and Mother getting so upset about the–what was it?

Tess–less something

SIZZLE

sniff!

Where's Charles?

Still asleep

We had rather an interrupted night, if you remember.

I hoped it was a dream

No, Meg Don't hope that

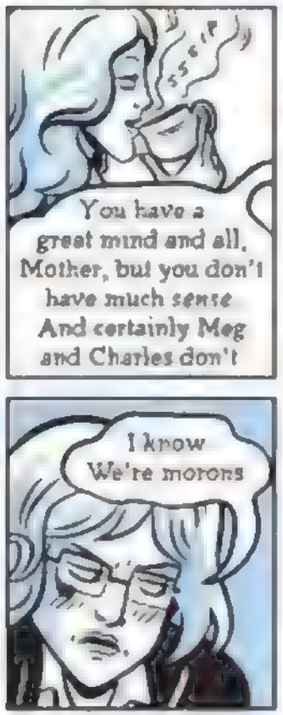
I don't understand it either, but one thing I've learned is that you don't have to understand things for them to *be*

I'm sorry I showed you I was upset

Your father and I had a joke about tesseract

What is a tesseract?
It's a concept
I'll explain it later. There isn't time before school
I don't see why you didn't wake us. It's not fair we missed out on all the fun.
You'll be a lot more awake in school than I will
Who cares!

If you're going to let old tramps come inside in the middle of the night, Dan and I should be around to protect you
Father would expect us to

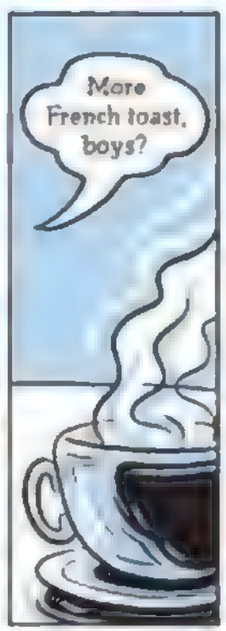

You have a great mind and all, Mother, but you don't have much *sense*. And certainly Meg and Charles don't
I know. We're morons

Don't take everything so *personally*, Meg! Use a happy medium for once!
You just make everything harder for yourself. Like at school–you just goof off and look out the window

And Charles Wallace–he's going to have an awful time next year when he starts school

We know he's bright, but he's so funny around other people, and they're so used to thinking he's dumb
I don't know what's going to happen to him

Let's not worry about next year till we get through this one


More French toast, boys?

Will you please name the principal imports and exports of Nicaragua–

–no, not you, Amy–

Meg?

Meg?

Meg!

Oh!

The principal imports and exports of Nicaragua?

Um

Uhmm

Well?

Who *cares* about the imports and exports of Nicaragua, anyhow?!

What seems to be the problem now, Meg?

PRINCIPAL JENKINS

Miss Porter tells me you were inexcusably rude

Don't you realize that you just make everything harder for yourself with that attitude?

I'm convinced that you can do the work and keep up with your grade if you apply yourself–but some of your teachers are not

MR. JENKINS

You're going to have to do something about yourself. Nobody can do it for you

Well? What about it, Meg?

Meg, is something troubling you?

Are you unhappy at home?

Everything's *fine* at home

Had any news from your father lately?

Just what was your father's line of business? Some kind of scientist, wasn't he?
He is a physicist
Meg, don't you think you'd make a better adjustment to life if you faced facts?
I do face facts!
They're lots easier to face than people, I can tell you
Then why don't you face facts about your father?
You leave my father out of it!
Stop bellowing Do you want the entire school to hear you?
I'm not ashamed of anything I'm saying
Are you?

Do you enjoy being the most belligerent, uncooperative child in school?
Mr. Jenkins, you've met my mother, haven't you? She's a scientist You can't accuse *her* of not facing facts
She has doctor's degrees in both biology and bacteriology Her *business* is facts When she tells me that my father isn't coming home, I'll believe it
As long as she says Father *is* coming home, then I'll believe that
Very well, I can't do anything else with you Go on back to class Try to be a little less antagonistic
Maybe your work would improve if your general attitude were more tractable

Meg!

Hello, Fort

Come on–let's go

Where?

I thought we'd better go see Mrs Whatsit

Oh, golly *Why*, Charles?

You're still uneasy about her, aren't you?

Well, yes

Don't be She's all right She's on our side.

How do you know?

Meg, I know

But why are we going to see her now?

I want to find out more about that tesseract thing Didn't you see how it upset Mother?

When Mother can't control the way she feels, when she lets us see she's upset then it's something big

Charles, you know she's going to get in awful trouble—Mrs Whatsit, I mean—if they find out she's taken Mrs Buncombe's sheets.

SHUFF SHUFF SHUFF

They could send her to jail

One of the reasons I want to go over this afternoon is to warn her—

her and her friends

I'd forgotten about them

SNIFF

I don't really think they'll let anyone find out about them, but I thought we should mention the possibility

Sometimes kids go out there looking for thrills

Sigh

Charles loves me, at any rate

School awful again today?

Yes

I got sent to Mr. Jenkins. He made snide remarks about Father

I know

How? *How* do you know?

I can't quite explain. You tell me, that's all

But I never say anything. You just seem to know

Everything about you tells me

How about the twins? Do you know about them, too?

I suppose I could if I wanted to. If they needed me

But it's sort of tiring, so I just concentrate on you and Mother

You mean you read our minds?

It's not that

You tell me sort of inad-

inadvertently

That's a good word, isn't it? Mother looked it up in the dictionary for me this morning

I really must learn to read, except I'm afraid it will make it awfully hard for me in school next year if I already know things

I think it will be better if people go on thinking I'm not very bright They won't hate me quite so much

WUFF WUFF WUFF WUF WUF

Somebody's here Somebody's hanging around the house

Come on!

huff huff

For crying out loud, call off your dog!

WUFF WUFF WUFF

Who is he?

Calvin O'Keefe He's in Regional, but he's older than I am

sniff

It's all right, fella I'm not going to hurt you

grrrrrr

Sit, Fort

THUMP!

grrrr

Okay

Now tell us what you're doing here

I might ask the same of you

Aren't you two of the Murry kids? This isn't your property, is it?

Tell me about him, Meg

What would I know about him?

He's a couple of grades above me, and he's on the basketball team

Just because I'm tall

Tell us what you're doing here

What is this? The third degree? Aren't you the one who's supposed to be a moron?

That's right

And if you want me to call my dog off, you'd better explain

Most peculiar moron I ever met

I just came to get away from my family

What kind of family?

They all have runny noses. I'm third from the top of eleven kids.

I'm a sport

So'm I

I don't mean like in baseball

Neither do I

I mean like in biology.

A change in gene, resulting in the appearance in the offspring of a character which is not present in the parents but which is potentially transmissible to its offspring

What gives around here? I was told you couldn't talk

?

Thinking I'm a moron gives people something to feel smug about. Why should I disillusion them?

How old are you, Cal?

Fourteen

What grade?

SNERF!

Junior. Eleventh. I'm bright! Listen—did anybody ask you to come here this afternoon?

What do you mean, *asked*?

You still don't trust me, do you?

I don't *distrust* you

Okay, old sport. I'll tell you this much—

Somehmes I get a feeling, a—well, you might call it a compulsion

You're holding out on me

So're you

And when I get this feeling, this compulsion, I always do what it tells me.

I can't explain where it comes from or how I get it, and it doesn't happen very often—but I obey it

And this afternoon I had a feeling that I *must* come over to the haunted house

Maybe it's because I'm supposed to meet you. You tell me

Okay I believe you I think I'd like to trust you

Maybe you'd better come home with us and have dinner

Well, sure, but–

what would your mother say?

She'd be delighted

Mother's all right She's not one of us, but she's all right

What about Meg?

Meg has it tough. She's not really one thing or the other

What do you mean, *one of us*?

What do you mean I'm not one thing or the other?

Not now, Meg

I'll tell you about it later

Let's take Calvin to meet Mrs Whatsit If he's not okay, she'll know

THUMP THUMP

No wonder this place has a reputation for being haunted

KWA!
NOK NOK
KWA!
KWA!
Eek!
They get a lot of fun out of using all the typical pranks
click
CREEL

Come on Follow me
Er-
Mrs Who, I don't think you should have taken Mrs Buncombe's sheets without consulting me!
???

What on earth do you want them for?

Why, Charlsie, my pet!

Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connait point

French Pascal *The heart has its reasons, whereof reason knows nothing*

But that's not appropriate at all!

Your mother would find it so

I'm not talking about my mother's feelings about my father! I'm talking about Mrs. Buncombe's sheets. So why do you–

Sigh

In case we need ghosts, of course

If we have to frighten anybody away, Whatsit thought we ought to do it right

But we really didn't mean you to know about the sheets

Auf frischer Tat ertappt. German

In flagrante delicto Latin

Caught in the act English. As I was saying–

Mrs Who, do you know this boy?

Good afternoon, ma'am I didn't quite catch your name

Mrs Who will do

He wasn't my idea, Charlsie, but I think he's a good one

Where's Mrs Whatsit?

She's busy. It's getting near time, Charlsie–getting near time.

Ab honesto virum bonum nihil deterret Seneca *Nothing deters a good man from doing what is honorable*

And he's a very good man, Charlsie, darling, but right now he needs our help

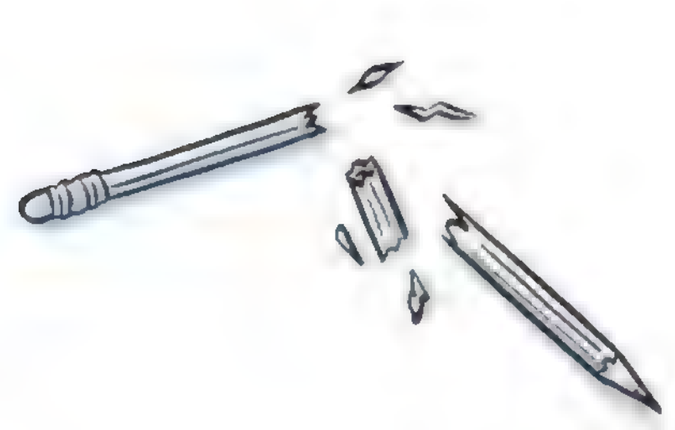
Who?

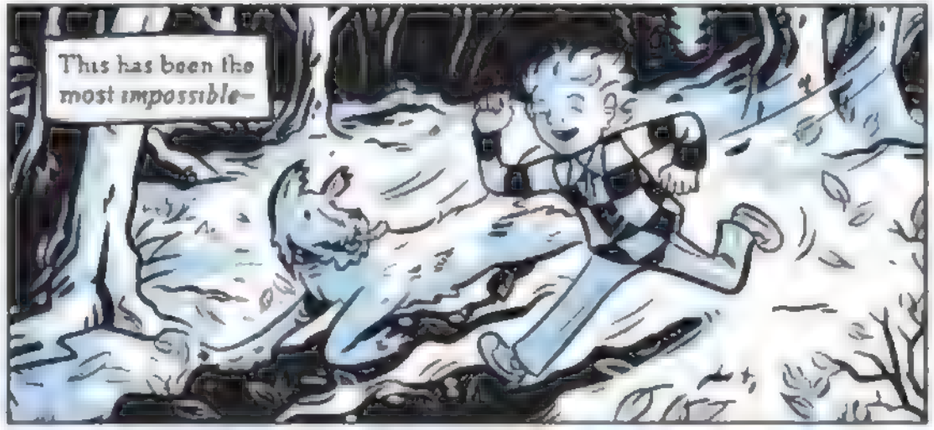
Ah, little Megsie! Lovely to meet you, sweetheart
Your father, of course
Now go home, loves The time is not yet right
Don't worry, we won't go without you
Get plenty of food and rest. Feed Calvin up
Now, off with you!
Justitiae soror fides. Latin again, of course *Faith is the sister of justice*
Trust in us! Now, shoo!

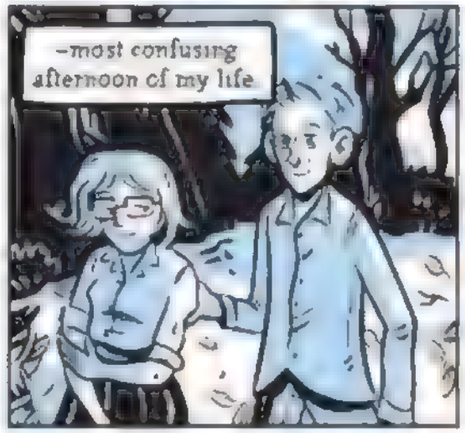
Charles, I don't understand
But you saw Fort, didn't you?
No I don't either, yet Not quite
Not a growl, not a quiver—so you know it's okay
Look, do me a favor, both of you. Let's not talk about this till we've had something to eat. I need fuel to sort things out and assimilate them properly
Lead on, moron!
I've never even seen your house, and I have the funniest feeling that for the first time in my life I'm going home

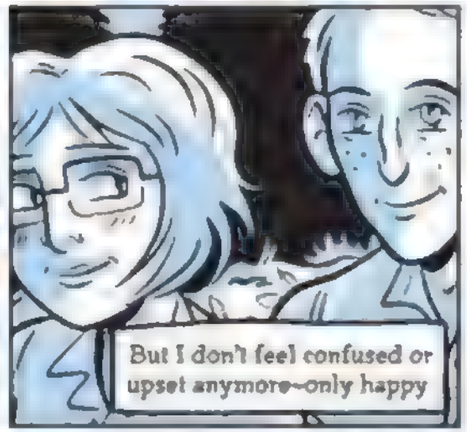
3

Mrs Which

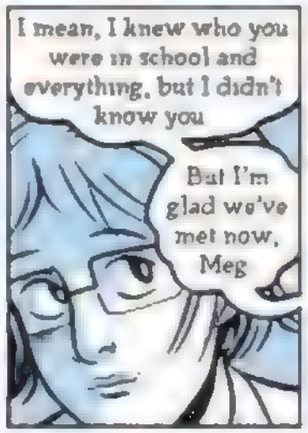


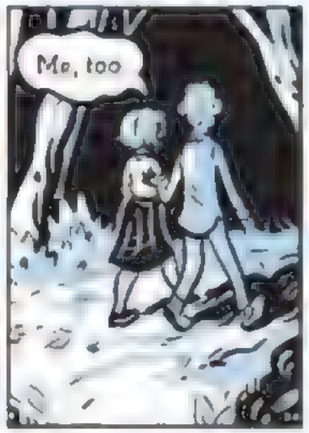

This has been the most impossible–

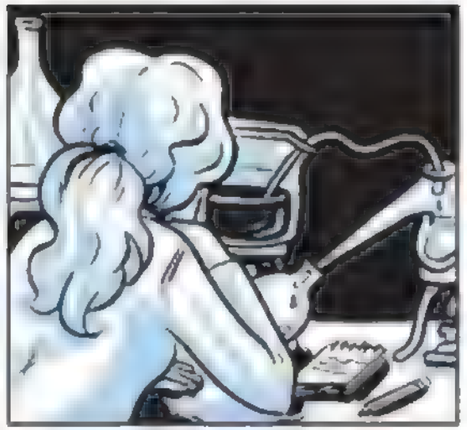

–most confusing afternoon of my life

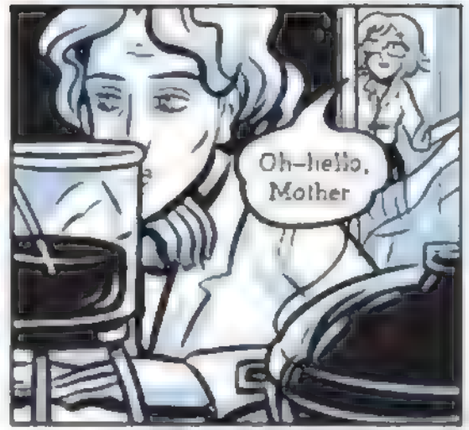

But I don't feel confused or upset anymore–only happy

Maybe we weren't meant to meet before this

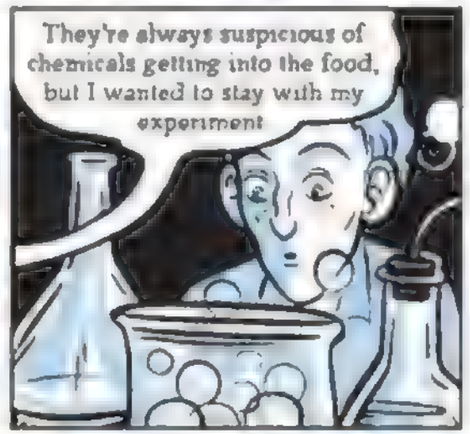

I mean, I knew who you were in school and everything, but I didn't know you
But I'm glad we've met now, Meg

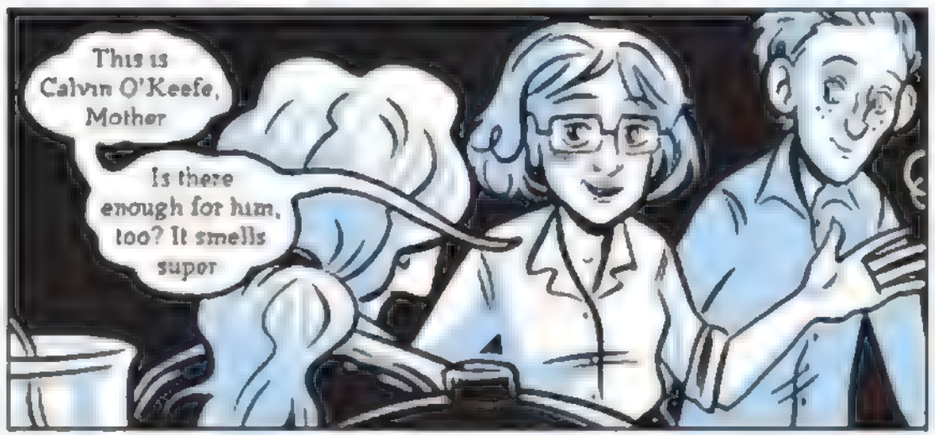

Me, too




Oh–hello, Mother

Don't tell Sandy and Dennys I'm cooking out here


They're always suspicious of chemicals getting into the food, but I wanted to stay with my experiment


This is Calvin O'Keefe, Mother
Is there enough for him, too? It smells super

Hello, Calvin. Nice to meet you. We're only having stew tonight, but it's a good thick one.
Sounds wonderful May I use your phone so my mother'll know where I am?
Of course.
Come on—this way
Sigh
I don't know why I bother calling She wouldn't notice anyway.
Hello?
Ma?
Oh, Hinky. Tell Ma I won't be home till late
And don't forget! I don't want to be locked out again.
CLICK
Do you know how lucky you are?
Not most of the time

A mother like that! A house like this!
Your mother's gorgeous! You should see my mother
She had all her upper teeth out and Pop got her a plate but she won't wear it, and most days she doesn't even comb her hair
Not that it makes much difference when she does
But I love her. That's the funny part of it. I love them all, and they don't give a hoot about me
Maybe that's why I call when I'm not going to be home. Because I care Nobody else does
You don't know how lucky you are to be loved
I guess I never thought of that
I guess I just took it for granted

Things are going to happen, Meg! Good things! I feel it!
Who's this?
Just a bunch of scientists
Where?
Cape Canaveral That's Father
Which?
Here The one who needs a haircut
He keeps forgetting to have it cut Mother usually ends up doing it for him because he won't take the time to go to the barber

I like him
He's not handsome or anything, but I like him
He is too handsome!
Nah He's tall and skinny like me
Well, I think you're handsome
Father's eyes are kind of like yours, too You know, really blue
Only you don't notice his as much because of the glasses
Where is he now?
SLAM!

I'll finish this up properly on the stove
Have you done your homework, Meg?
Not quite
Then I'm sure Calvin won't mind if you finish before dinner
Go ahead As a matter of fact I have some junk of mine to finish up
Math
I'm okay on anything to do with words, but I don't do as well with numbers
Why don't you get Meg to help you?
But, see, I'm a couple grades above Meg
Try asking her anyhow

Here But it's pretty complicated
Do they care *how* you do it? I mean, can you work it out your own way?
Sure, as long as I understand it and get the answers right.
Lucky *We* have to do it *their* way
Now, look. See how much easier it would be if you did it *this* way?
Hey–
Hey! I think I get it!
Show me once more on another one
All you have to remember
is that every ordinary fraction can be converted into an infinite periodic decimal fraction
See? So 3/7 is 0.428571

This is the craziest family. I guess I should stop being surprised by now–

–but you're supposed to be dumb in school, always being called up on the carpet

Oh, I am

The trouble with Meg and math is that Meg and her father used to play with numbers, and Meg learned far too many shortcuts

So when they want her to do problems the long way around at school she gets sullen and stubborn and sets up a fine mental block for herself

Are there any more morons like Meg and Charles around?

If so, I should meet more of them

It might also help if Meg's handwriting were legible

I can usually decipher it, but I doubt many of her teachers can, or are willing to take the time

I'm planning on giving her a typewriter for Christmas. That may help

If I get anything right, nobody'll believe it's me

GLATTER

What's a megaparsec?

One of Father's nicknames for me

Also 3 26 million light years

What's $E = mc^2$?

Einstein's equation

What's E stand for?

Energy

m?

Mass

c^2?

The square of the velocity of light in centimeters per second

By what countries is Peru bounded?

I haven't the faintest idea I think it's in South America somewhere

Who wrote Boswell's *Life of Johnson*?

Oh, Calvin, I'm not any good at English

SMAK!

Groan

I see what you mean. Her I wouldn't want to teach

She's a little one-sided, I grant you, though I blame her father and myself for that

She still enjoys playing with her dolls' house, though

Mother!

Oh! Oh, darling, I'm sorry

But I'm sure Calvin knows what I mean

How did all this happen? Isn't it wonderful? I feel as though I were just being born!

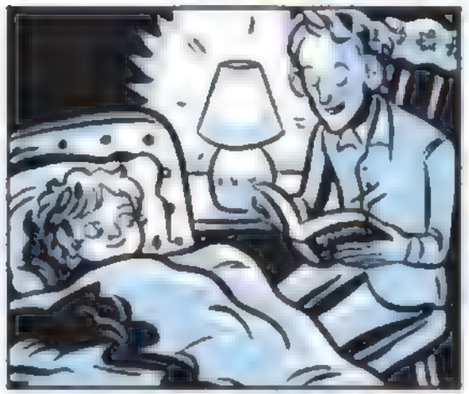
But you're good at basketball and things! You're good in school Everybody likes you

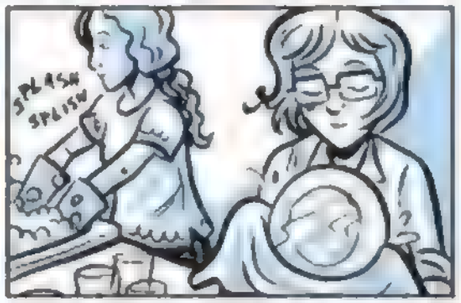
For all the most unimportant reasons

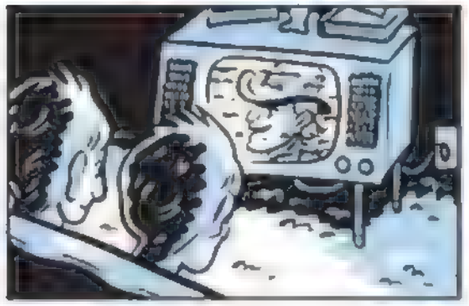
I'm not alone anymore! Do you realize what that means to me?

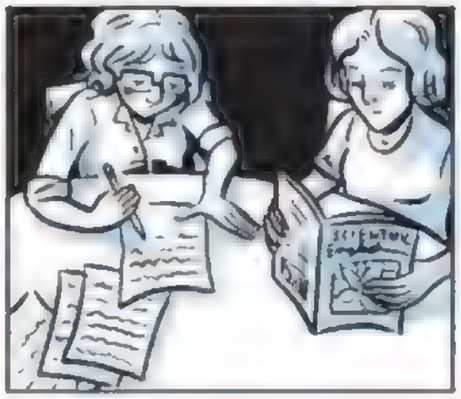
There hasn't been *anybody* I could talk to Sure, I can function on the same level as everybody else—I can hold myself down—but it isn't me

ele



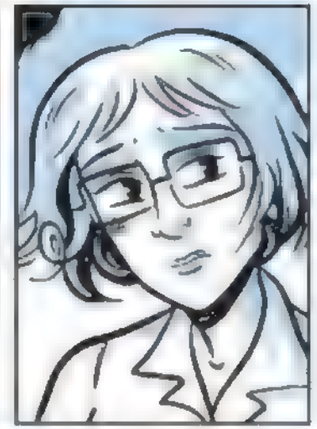

SPLASH
SPLASH





Mother–

–are you upset?



Yes
Why?

I'm still quite a young woman, you know

Though I realize that that's difficult for you children to conceive

And I'm still very much in love with your father I miss him quite dreadfully

And you think all this has something to do with Father?

It must

But what?

That I don't know But it seems the only explanation

Do you think things always have an explanation?

Yes I believe that they do

But I think that with our human limitations we're not always able to understand the explanations

Just because we don't understand something, it doesn't mean that an explanation doesn't exist

I like to understand things

We all do But it isn't always possible

Charles Wallace understands more than the rest of us, doesn't he?

Yes

But why?

I suppose because he's–

well, because he's different, Meg

Different how?

I'm not quite sure He's not like anybody else

No

And I wouldn't want him to be

Wanting doesn't have anything to do with it Charles Wallace is what he is

Different

New

New?

Yes
That's what your father and I feel

SSNAP!

I'm sorry I'm not being destructive I'm just trying to get things straight.

I know

ha ha

Charles Wallace doesn't *look* different from anybody else

No, Meg-

But people are more than just the way they look. Charles Wallace's difference isn't physical It's in essence

Sigh.

Well, I know Charles Wallace is different, and I know he's something *more-*

I guess I'll just have to accept it without understanding it

Maybe that's why our visitor last night didn't surprise me Maybe that's why I'm able to have a--a willing suspension of disbelief

Because of Charles Wallace

Maybe that's the point I was trying to put across

Are you like Charles?

Heavens no!

I'm blessed with more brains and opportunities than many people, but there's nothing about me that breaks out of the ordinary mold

Your looks do

You just haven't had enough basis for comparison, Meg I'm very ordinary, really

Ha, ha

Charles all settled?

Yes

What did you read to him?

Genesis His choice

By the way, what kind of experiment were you working on this afternoon, Mrs Murry?

Oh, something my husband and I were cooking up together I don't want to be *too* far behind him when he gets back

Mother Charles says I'm not one thing or the other, not flesh nor fowl nor good red herring

Oh, for crying out loud

You're *Meg*, aren't you? Come on and let's go for a walk

Wait!

Mother, you were going to tell me about the tesseract

Yes

But not now, Meg

Go on that walk with Calvin I'm going up to kiss Charles, and then I have to see that the twins get to bed.

Were you upsetting your mother?

I don't think I was. But she's upset

What about?

Father

Tell me about your father

He's a physicist

Sure, we all know that

And he's supposed to have left your mother and gone off with some dame

Hold it, kid. I didn't say anything you hadn't heard already, did I?

No. Let me go!

Come on, Meg You know it isn't true, I know it isn't true–

–and how anybody after one look at your mother could believe any man would leave her for another woman just shows how far jealousy will make people go.

Right?

I guess so

Look, dope, I just want to get things straight– sort out the fact from fiction

TUG

Your father's a physicist That's a fact, yes?

Yes

He's a Ph D several times over

Yes

Most of the time he works alone but some of the time he was at the Institute for Higher Learning in Princeton. Correct?

Yes

Then he did some work for the government, didn't he?

Yes

You take it from there That's all I know.

That's about all I know, too. Maybe Mother knows more, but–

What he did was–well, it was Classified

And you don't have any idea what it was about?

No Not really. But they moved him around a lot

He was out in New Mexico for a while–we were with him there– then in Florida at Cape Canaveral, and we were with him there, too

And then he was going to be traveling more, so we came here

And you don't know where your father was sent?
At first we got lots of letters. Mother and Father wrote each other every day. I think Mother still writes him every night.
Every once in a while the postmistress makes some kind of crack about all her letters
I suppose they think she's pursuing him or something. They can't understand plain, ordinary love when they see it.
Well, go on. What happened next?
Nothing happened That's the trouble
The letters just stopped coming.
You haven't heard anything at all?

No
Nothing
Do you think he could be dead?

No! They'd have told us! There's always a telegram or something. They always tell you!

Oh, Calvin— Mother's tried and tried to find out She's been down to Washington and everything

All they'll say is he's on a secret and dangerous mission, and she can be very proud of him, but he won't be able to—to communicate with us for a while

What *do* they tell you?

And they'll give us news as soon as they have it

Meg, don't get mad . . . but do you think maybe they don't know?

That's what I'm afraid of

You're just crazy about your father, aren't you?

Go ahead and cry. It'll do you good

I cry much too much I should be like Mother I should be able to control myself.

Your mother's a completely different person and she's a lot older than you are

I wish I were a different person

I hate myself

I'm sorry
I'm terribly sorry Now you'll hate me.
SOB!
Oh, Meg, you *are* a moron Don't you know you're the nicest thing that's happened to me in a long time?

Do you know this is the first time I've seen you without your glasses?
I'm blind as a bat without them
You know what, you've got dreamboat eyes
Listen, you go right on wearing your glasses
I don't want anybody else to see what gorgeous eyes you have
Okay, hold it, you two

I wasn't spying on you—and I hate to break things up—but this is it, kids!

This is it!

This is what?

We're going

Going?

Where?

I don't know exactly

But I think it's to find Father

Where'd Mrs Who come from?

SHH-T

FWMP

Oh, *dear* I shall *never* learn to manage

Dante *What grievous pain a little fault doth give thee!*

Come t'è piccio! fallo amaro morso!

Oh, thank you! You're so clever!

Un asno viejo sabe más que un potro

A Perez *An old ass knows more than a young colt*

Just because you're a paltry few billion years–
Allll rrighll, gurlIss
Thiss iss nno ttime forr bbickkerring
It's Mrs Which
I ddo nott thinkk I willl matterrialize commpletely I ffindd itt verry ttrinngg . . .
. . . andd wee hhave mmuch tto ddo

4
The Black Thing

AIEEEE

Qquiett, chilldd!

The moonlight–where is it?

Where are we?

Charles!

Charl–

No light.

no sound.

no feeling

Where is my body?

Where–

Oh!

I can feel my arms and legs again.

I can feel my heart beating.

Did it stop? What made it start again?

DUM BA DUM

BA DUM BA DUM

I feel *something*

Movement

Like the earth, turning
Rotating on its axis–

–traveling around the sun

Like being in the ocean

I'm asleep I'm dreaming This is just a nightmare

I want to wake up

Let me wake up!

That was quite a trip. You might have warned us

Meg! Calvin!

Where are you?

I'm—

I'm here, Charles! I—

Well, just give me time, will you?

I'm older than you are

Calvin! Where's Meg?

I'm right here!

Meg!

Calvin!

Oof

Oh, there you are!

But where am I?

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain—

Hee
Tee hee!
Hoohoohoohoo!
Ta ha ha ha ha ha!
Heh heh Wwell
Jusst tto kkeepp yyou girrls happpy

Tee hee hee hee HA HA

If you ladies have had your fun I think you should tell Calvin and Meg a little more about all this

You scared Meg half out of her wits, whisking her off this way without any warning

Finxerunt animi, raro et perpauca loquentis

Horace *To action little less to words inclined*

Mrs Who, I wish you'd stop quoting!

But she finds it so difficult to verbalize, Charles, dear

It helps if she can quote instead of working out words of her own

Anndd wee musstn't loose our sensses of hummorr

Thee onnlly wway tto ccope withh ssomeththingg ddeadly ssenouss

iss tto ttry tto treatt itt a llittle llugghtly

But that's going to be hard for Meg It's going to be hard for her to realize that we are serious

What about me?

The life of your father isn't at stake

What about Charles Wallace, then?

Charles Wallace knows there's far more at stake than the life of his father

Where are we now, and how did we get here?

Uriel, the third planet of the star Malak in the spiral nebula Messier 101

I'm supposed to believe that?

Aas yyou llike

It doesn't seem any more peculiar than anything else that's happened

But how could we have gotten here? Even traveling at the speed of light it would take us years and years

Oh, we don't travel at the speed of *anything*

We *tesser*. Or you might say, we *wrinkle*

Clear as mud

Tesser

Could that have anything to do with Mother's tesseract?

Is my father here?!

Nnott heeere, Megg

Mrs Whatsitt willl explliainn. Shee isss yyoungg annd thee llanguage of wordss isss eeasierr ffor lheir thann itt isss ffor Mrs Whoo andd mee

We stopped here more or less to catch our breaths. And to give you a chance to understand what you're up against

He's one of the reasons we're here. But you see, he's only one

But what about Father? Is he all right?

For the moment, love

Well, where is he? Please take me to him!

We can't. Not yet. You have to be patient, Meg.

But I'm *not* patient! I've never been patient!

If you want to help your father, then you must learn patience. *Vitam impendere vero. To stake one's life for the truth.*

That is what we must do.

That is what your father is doing.

Now! Why don't you three children wander around and Charles can explain things a little.

You're perfectly safe on Uriel. That's why we stopped here to rest.

But aren't you coming with us?

Sshoww themm.

Now?

Nnoww Tthey mmay aas welll knoww.

Should—should I *change*?

Bbetter.

I hope it won't upset the children too much.

Now, don't be frightened, loves.

No. Not to me, Calvin. Never to me.
Stand up.
Ccarrry themm.

But what do we call you now?
Oh, my dears
You can't go on changing my name each time I metamorphose And I've had such pleasure being Mrs Whatsit I think you'd better keep to that.

Look! The mountains are so tall that you can't see where they end

What are they singing?
It's hard to put into your words. Are you getting any of it, Charles?

A little

It takes a tremendous amount of effort, and we're going to need every ounce of energy for what's ahead of us, but I'll try to translate for Meg and Calvin

Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth

Let them give glory unto the Lord!

Sigh

We must go now, children But first–

? ?

Each of you take one

I'll tell you how to use them later.

Where are we going now?

Up

Hold on tight Don't slip

GASSSP

It's getting harder to breathe

All right, children, use your flowers now

The atmosphere will continue to get thinner from now on Hold the flowers up to your face and breathe through them and they will give you enough oxygen

It won't be as much as you're used to, but it will be enough

One of Uriel's moons
Oh, it's beautiful!
Beautiful!

Now we will turn around--

--and wait for sunset and moonset

Sunset
Face out toward the dark
Moonset
What I have to show you will be far more visible then

Look ahead, straight ahead, as far as you can possibly look

A shadow

Is it really there? It's so faint, I can't be sure–

What's that?

That sort of thing out there–what is it?

Is the shadow cast by something?

Is the shadow a Thing in itself?

The atmosphere is so thin here that it does not obscure your vision as it would at home

Now look. Look straight ahead.

Terrible It's terrible

Looking at it makes me feel I could never be happy again

Make it go away, Mrs Whatsit Make it go away. It's evil

5
The Tesseract

Yes

Iffee izs beehindd thee ddarrkness, sso thatt evenn wee cannott seee hhimm

SOB

Nnow, arre wee by?

Where are we going?

Wwee musstt ggo bbehindd thee sshaddow

But we will not do it all at once We will do it in short stages

Sigh

Explanations are not easy when they are about things for which your civilization still has no words

Now we will tesser—wrinkle—again Do you understand?

No

Do not despair. Do you think we would have brought you here if there were no hope?

We are asking you to do a difficult thing, but we are confident that you can do it. Your father needs help, he needs courage, and for his children he may be able to do what he cannot do for himself

Calvin talked about traveling at the speed of light. You understand that, little Meg?

Yes

That, of course, is the impractical, long way around, and we've learned to take shortcuts wherever possible

Sort of like in math?

Yes, like in math

Show them with your skirt, Who

La experiencia es la madre de la ciencia. Spanish, my dears. Cervantes

Experience is the mother of knowledge

You see, if a very small insect were to move from Mrs Who's right hand to her left, it would be quite a long walk for him if he had to walk straight across

Now, you see, he would be there, without that long trip

That is how we travel

SMACK

Oh, *dear* I guess I am a moron. I just don't get it

That's because you think of space only in three dimensions. We travel in the fifth dimension

This is something you can understand, Meg. Don't be afraid to try

Was your mother able to explain a tesseract to you?

No, she never did. She got so upset about it.

She said it had something to do with her and Father.

It was a concept they were playing with: going beyond the fourth dimension to the fifth. Did your mother explain it to you, Charles?

Well—yes.

Don't be hurt, Meg. You were at school, and I just kept at her till I got it out of her.

Just explain it to me.

Okay.

What is the first dimension?

Well—a line.

Okay. And the second dimension?

A. B

Well, you'd square the line. A flat square would be in the second dimension.

And the third?

You'd square the second dimension.

Then the square wouldn't be flat anymore. It would have a bottom, and sides, and a top.

And the fourth?

Well, in mathematical terms you'd square the square.

But you can't take a pencil and draw that the way you can the first three.

I know it's got something to do with Einstein and time. I guess maybe you could call the fourth dimension Time.

That's right. Okay, then, for the fifth dimension you'd square the fourth, wouldn't you?

I guess so

Well, the fifth dimension's a tesseract! You add that to the other four dimensions and you can travel through space without having to go the long way around

In other words, to put it into Euclid, or old-fashioned plane geometry, a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points

A

B

I see! I got it!

I can't possibly explain it now, but there for a second I saw it! Did you get it?

Enough. I don't understand it the way Charles Wallace does, but enough to get the idea

Sso nnow wee ggo. Tthere sss nott all thee ttime inn tthe worrlld

Could we hold hands?

You can try

I'm not sure how it will work—though we travel together, we travel alone

But you can try

I can't feel Calvin's hand

But I'm ready this time

I'm—

What's going on?!

POP!!

Oh, no! We can't stop here!

This is a two-dimensional planet—the children can't manage here!

POP!

That was awful!

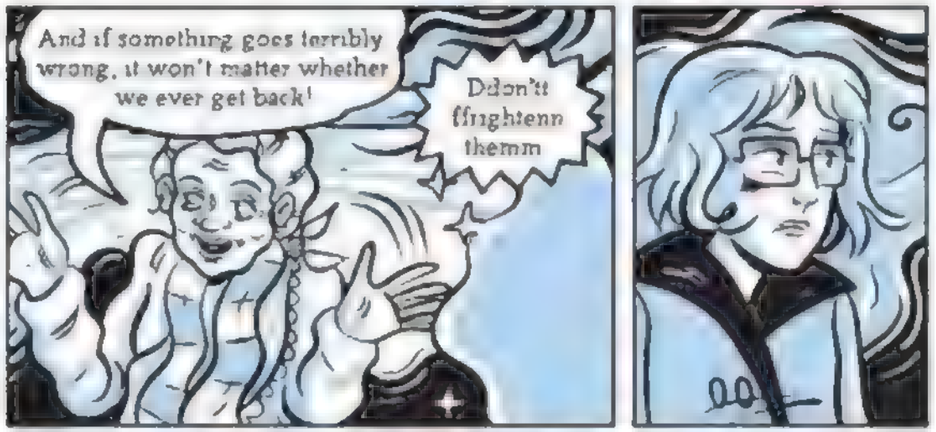
Like being flattened by a steamroller

Calvin!

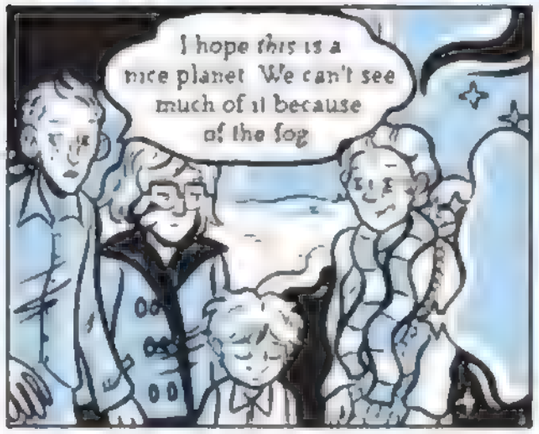
Really, Mrs Which, you might have killed us!

Cchilldrenn, I appolloggize.
Now, Charles, calm down
You know how difficult it is for her to materialize. If you are not substantial yourself, it's very difficult to realize how limiting protoplasm is.
I ammm ssorry
It is not funny. You didn't do it on purpose, did you?
Oh, my darling, of course she didn't!

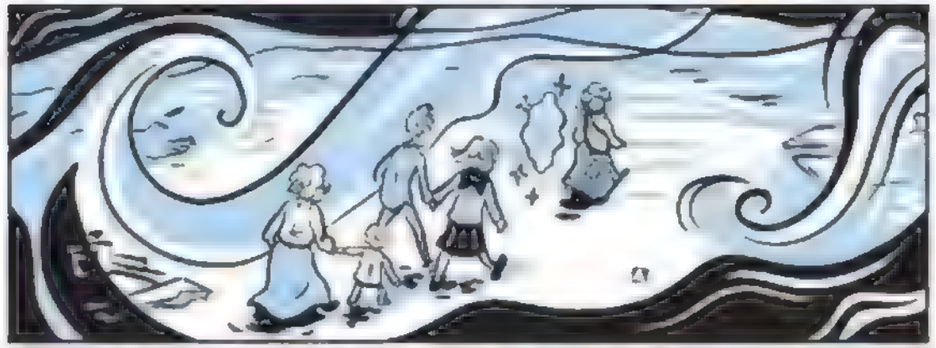
It was just a very understandable mistake. It's very difficult for Mrs Which to think in a corporeal way
And it's really a very pleasant little planet, and rather amusing to be flat We always enjoy our visits there
Where are we now, then?
In Orion's belt We have a friend here, and we want you to have a look at your own planet
When are we going home?
Mother must be *frantic* by now. She and the twins and Fort will have been looking and looking for us, and–
Now, don't worry, my pet
We made a nice little time tesser, and unless something goes terribly wrong we'll have you back about five minutes before you left. Nobody will know you were gone at all

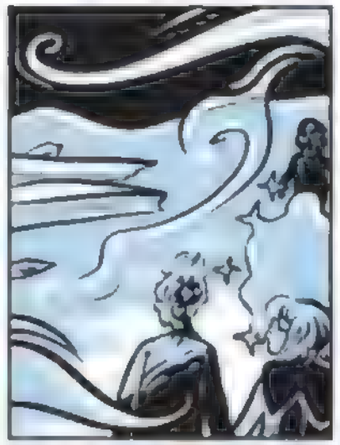

And if something goes terribly wrong, it won't matter whether we ever get back!
Ddon't ffrightenn themm

Aare yyou llosingg ffaith?
Oh, no No, I'm not


I hope this is a nice planet We can't see much of it because of the fog

Come, children We don't have far to go, and we might as well walk





Are we going in there?

Don't be afraid It's easier for the Happy Medium to work inside

You'll like her, children. She's very jolly. If I ever saw her looking unhappy, I would be very depressed myself. As long as she can laugh I'm sure everything is going to come out right in the end

Mmrs Whattsit!

Jusstt beccause yyou arre verry youngg iss nno exxcuse forr talkking tooo muchh

Just how old *are* you?

Exactly 2,379,152,497 years, 8 months, and 3 days

That is according to your calendar, of course, which even you know isn't very accurate

It was really a very great honor for me to be chosen for this mission. It's just because of my verbalizing and materializing so well, you know

But of course we can't take any credit for our talents. It's how we use them that counts

WWEE ARRE HHERRE!
Medium, dear, these are the children!
Charles Wallace Murry,
Margaret Murry,
and Calvin O'Keefe
We want them to see their home planet

Oh, why must you make me look at unpleasant things when there are so many delightful ones to see?
Therre willl nno llonggerr bee sso manyy ppleasannll thinggss tto llookk att iff rressponssible ppeoplle ddo nnott ddo ssomethingg abboutt thee unnppleassannll oness
Look, children Look well
Your own Milky Way
No, no, Medium, dear, that's Mars
Do I have to?
NNOWW!

Is it because of our atmosphere that we can't see properly?

Nno, Mmegg, yyou knnoww thatt itt iss nnott tthee atmosspheeere

Yyou mmusstt bee brrave

It's the Thing!

It's the Dark Thing we saw from the mountain peak on Uriel when we were riding on Mrs Whatsit's back!

Did it just come?

Did it just come while we've been gone?

No, Meg. It has been there for a great many years

It's the reason your planet is such a troubled one

But why–

We showed you the Dark Thing on Uriel because we thought it would be easier for you to understand if you saw it–well, someplace else first, not your own earth

I hate it! I hate the Dark Thing!

Yes, Charles, dear We all do

But what is it? We know that it's evil, but–

Yyouu hhave ssaidd itt!

It iss Eevill
Itt iss thee Ppowers of Ddarrkknesss!

But what's going to happen? Please, Mrs Which, tell us what's going to happen!

Wee wwill ccontinnue tto ffight!

And we're not alone, you know All through the universe it's being fought, all through the cosmos, and my, but it's a grand and exciting battle!

I know it's hard for you to understand about size, how there's very little difference in the size of the tiniest microbe–

–and the greatest galaxy

Some of our very best fighters have come right from your own planet

And it's a *little* planet, dears, out on the edge of a little galaxy You can be proud it's done so well

Who have our fighters been?

Oh, *you* must know them, dear

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not

Jesus!

Of course! Go on, Charles, love. There were others. All your great artists. They've been lights for us to see by.

Leonardo da Vinci? And Michelangelo?

And Shakespeare, and Bach!

And Pasteur and Madame Curie and Einstein!

And Schweitzer and Gandhi and Buddha and Beethoven and Rembrandt and St. Francis!

Now you, Meg.

Oh, Euclid, I suppose. And Copernicus.

But what about Father? Please, what about Father?

Wee aarre ggoingg tto yourr ffatherr

But where is he?

On a planet that has given in

So you must prepare to be very strong

6

The Happy Medium

Watch!

This is supposed to *comfort* us?

PING!

You see! It can be overcome! It is being overcome all the time!

That was a star. A star giving up its life in battle with the Thing.

It won, but it lost its life in the winning.

Iit wass nnott sso llongg aggo ffor yyou, wwass itt?

You were a star once, weren't you?

NOD

And you did—you did what that star just did?
Yes
I wish I could kiss her, too
But after Charles Wallace, anything Calvin and I do will be anticlimax
I didn't mean ever to let you know. But I did so love being a star!
Z

Oh!
Z
Poor thing We've worn her out
Please, Mrs Whatsit—

What happens now?

Why are we here?

What do we do next?

Where is Father?

When are we going to him?

One thing at a time, love!

Let's go outside

We'll let her sleep

You weren't going to go without saying good-bye?

I was going to give you some ambrosia or nectar or at least some tea

Gurrrgle

How long has it been since we ate those bowls of stew?

Thank you, dear, but I think we'd better be going.

They don't need to eat, you know. Not food, anyway. As soon as we get organized I'll remind them they have to feed us sooner or later

But I should do something nice for you, after showing you such horrible things

Would you like to see your mothers before you go?

Could we see Father?

Nno. Wwee aare ggoingg tto yourr ffatherr, Mmegg. Ddo nnott bbee immpatient!

But she *could* see her mother, couldn't she?

I tthankk itt iss a misstake, bbutt ssince yyou khave menttionedd itt I ssuppossse yyouu mussit ggo aheadd

Go on, Medium, dear

Calvin's mother first

AAAAA

THWACK

Oh, dear–

I didn't really–

It's all right I think I'd rather you knew

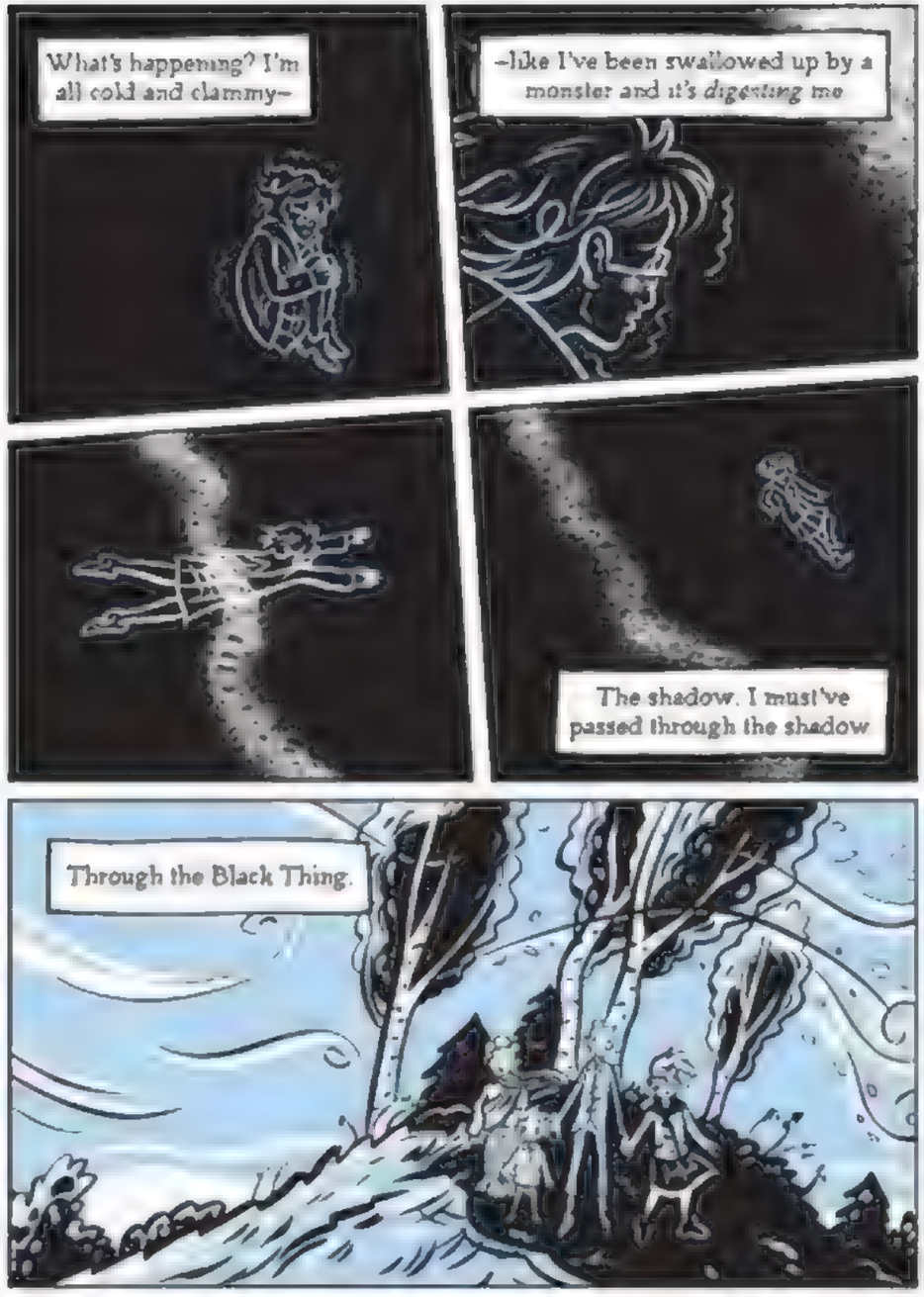
She's writing Father, like she does every night

Let's go! Let's *do* something!

I'm sorry! I only meant to help!
Oh, Medium, dear, *don't* feel bad. Look at something cheerful.
It's all right. Truly it is, Mrs. Medium, and we thank you very much.
Are you sure?
Of course! It really helped.
It made me mad, and when I'm mad I don't have room to be scared.

Goodbye, Medium, dear, and many thanks. I daresay we'll see you in an eon or two.
Where are you going in case I want to tune in?
Camazotz
Camazotz? I don't like the sound of that.
But please don't distress yourself on our behalf.
You know you don't like looking at dark planets, and it upsets me when you aren't happy.
But I must know what happens to the children.
It's my worst–
Yawn!
–trouble, getting fond.
If I didn't get fond, I could–
Yawn!
–be happy all– all the–
Z

Nnoww, cchilldrenn, yyouu mussit nott bee frrightennedd att whatt iss ggoingg tto hhappenn
Stay angry, little Meg. You will need all your anger now
Grrr!


What's happening? I'm all cold and clammy–
–like I've been swallowed up by a monster and it's *digesting* me
The shadow. I must've passed through the shadow
Through the Black Thing.

Is this Camazotz?

Yes

And I can't stay with you here, love. You three will be on your own

We will be near you, watching you, but you won't be able to see us or ask us for help, and we won't be able to come to you

But is Father here?

Yes

But where? How will we find him?

That I cannot tell you. You will just have to wait until the propitious moment

Are you afraid for us?

A little

But if you weren't afraid to do what you did when you were a star, why should you be afraid for us now?

But I was afraid

You will need help–but all I am allowed to give you is a little talisman

Calvin, your greatest strength is your ability to communicate, to communicate with all kinds of people So, for you, I will strengthen this gift

Meg, I give you your faults

My faults!

Your faults

But I'm always trying to get rid of my faults!

Yes However, I think you'll find them useful here on Camazotz

Charles Wallace, to you I can give only the resilience of your childhood

Calvin, for you a hint Listen well

For that he was a spirit too delicate
To act their earthly and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing their grand hests, they did confine him
By help of their most potent ministers,
And in their most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned, he didst painfully remain

Shakespeare *The Tempest*

Where are you, Mrs Who? Whore is Mrs Which?

We cannot come to you now

Allwissend bin ich nicht; doch viel ist mir bewisst. Goethe. *I do not know everything, still many things I understand*

That is for you, Charles Remember that you do not know everything

To you I leave my glasses, little blind-as-a-bat

But do not use them except as a last resort Save them for the final moment of peril.

PIOP!

Tto all tthree of yyou I ggive mmy ccommandd– Ggo ddownn inntto tthee ttowwn Ggo ttogetherr Ddo nnott llett tthemm ssepparate yyou

Bbee sstrongg

Take care of Meg, Calvin.

I can take care of Meg. I always have

Charles Wallace, the danger here is greatest for you

Why?

Because of what you are. Just exactly because of what you are you will be by far the most vulnerable

You *must* stay with Meg and Calvin. You *must not* go off on your own. Beware of pride and arrogance, Charles, for they may betray you

Now I think I know what you meant about being afraid
Only a fool is not afraid
Now go!
Come on! Come on, let's go!

I bet if I counted the flowers, there'd be exactly the same number of flowers at every house
It could be any housing development at home, but there's something–
Something's not right
Look!

They're skipping and bouncing in rhythm!

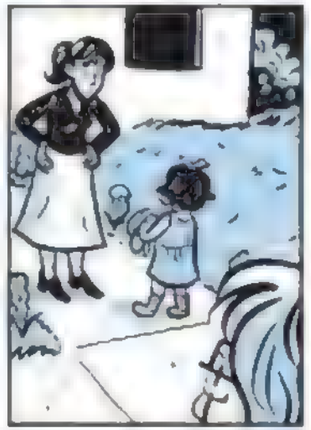
CATCH!
CATCH!

How do they do that? We couldn't do it if we tried

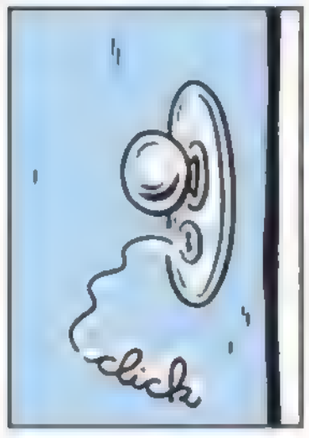
SKIP!
CATCH!
Let's go back
SKIP!
CATCH!
BOUNCE!

Back where?
I don't know. Anywhere
Back to the hill Back to Mrs Whatsit and Mrs Who and Mrs Which

CLAP!
CLAP!
I don't like this



SHUT!
But they aren't there. Do you think they'd come for us if we turned back now?


click

I don't like it

They're skipping and bouncing in rhythm!

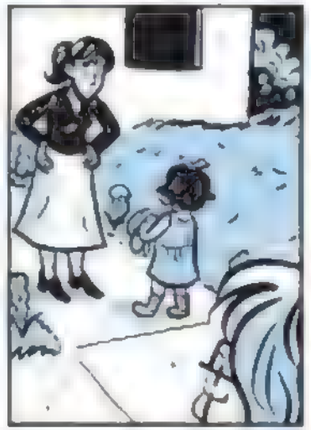
CATCH!
CATCH!

How do they do that? We couldn't do it if we tried

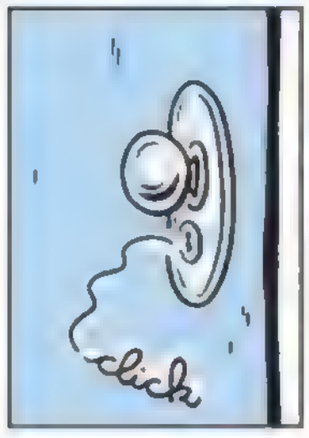
SKIP!
CATCH!
Let's go back
SKIP!
CATCH!
BOUNCE!

Back where?
I don't know. Anywhere
Back to the hill Back to Mrs Whatsit and Mrs Who and Mrs Which

CLAP!
CLAP!
I don't like this

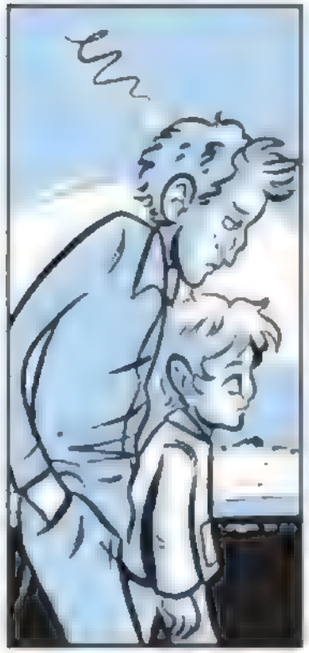


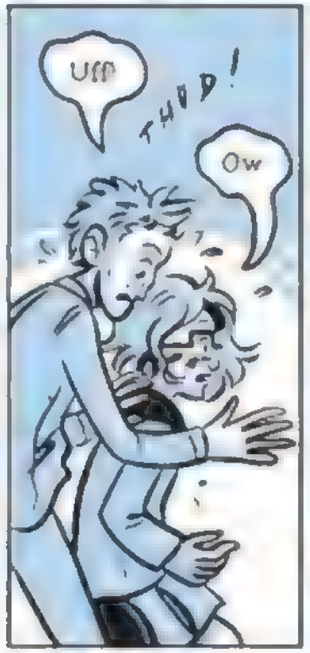
SHUT!
But they aren't there. Do you think they'd come for us if we turned back now?

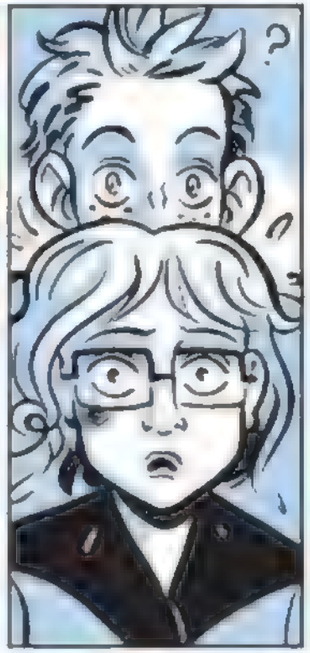

click

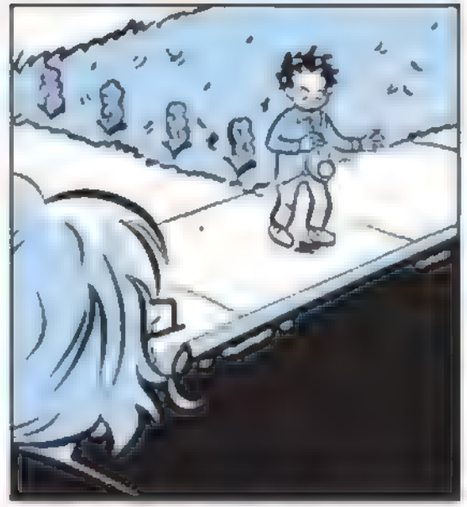
I don't like it

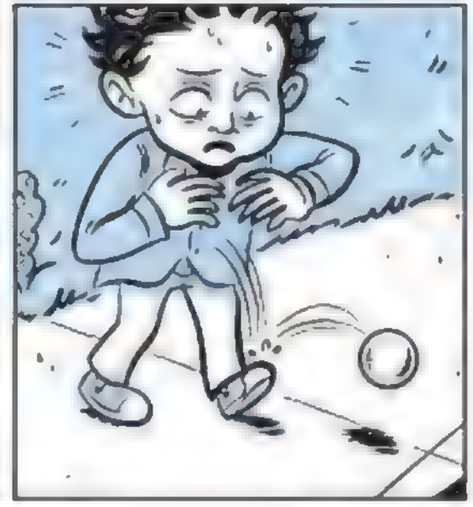
Come on! You know we can't go back. Mrs Which said to go into the town




Uff
THUD!
Ow


?





SLAM!
click
Let's return it and see what happens

Mrs Which said for us to go into the town
We are in the town, aren't we?
The outskirts anyhow—and I want to know more about this. I have a hunch it may help us later
Go on if you don't want to come with me
No We're going to stay together
But I'm with you—let's knock and see what happens
Don't you want to find Father?
Yes. But how can we help him if we don't know what we're up against?

Ding dong!

KA-CHUNK

Creeeeeeak

What do you want?

It isn't paper time yet; we've had milk time; and I've given my Decency Donations regularly. All my papers are in order

I think your little boy dropped his ball

Oh, no! The children in our section *never* drop balls!

They're all perfectly trained. We haven't had an Aberration for three years

You can't come in. You haven't shown me any papers

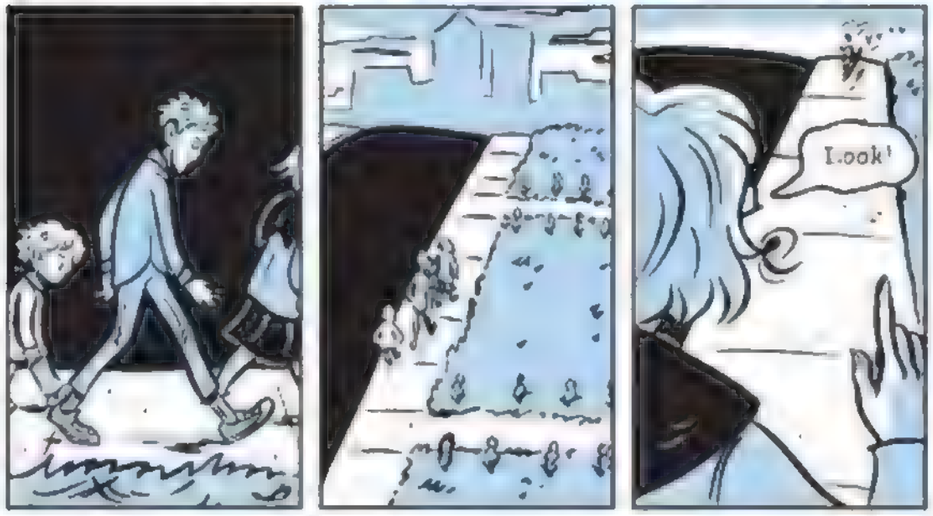
I don't have to let you in if you haven't any–

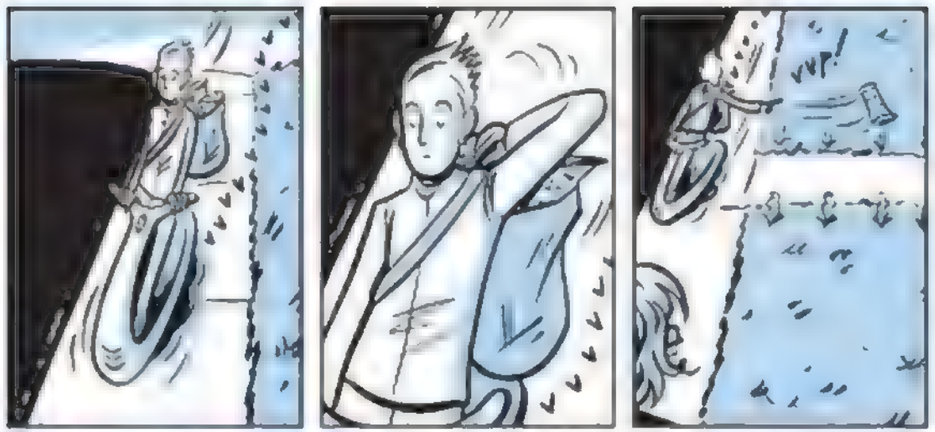
Gasp!

HSSH!

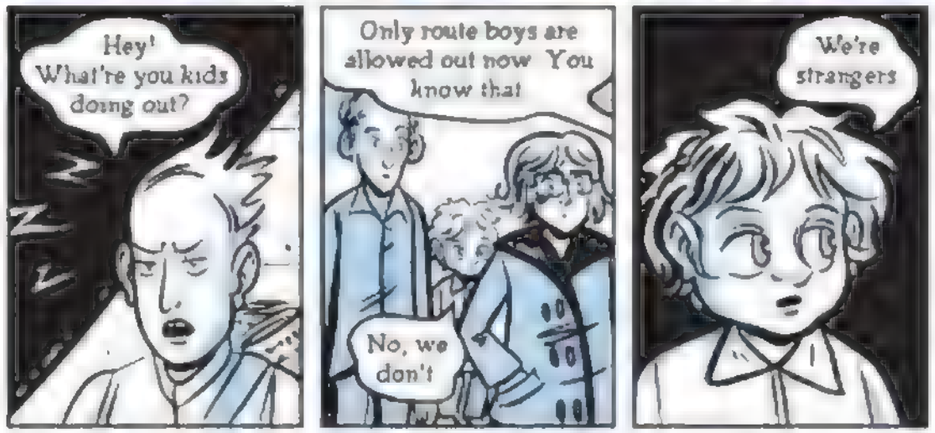
SLAM

What are they afraid of? What's the matter with them?


Look!


VVP!

A paperboy?


Hey! What're you kids doing out?
Only route boys are allowed out now You know that
No, we don't
We're strangers

You've had your entrance papers processed and everything? You must have, if you're here

But then, why don't you know about us?

You tell me

Are you examiners?

?

"Everybody knows our city has the best Central Intelligence Center on the planet."

"Our production levels are the highest. Our factories never close; our machines never stop rolling."

"In addition, we have five poets, one musician, three artists, and six sculptors—

—all perfectly channeled."

What are you quoting from?

The Manual, of course

All Camazotz knows our record That's why we're the capital city of Camazotz

That's why CENTRAL Central Intelligence is located here

That's why IT makes IT's home here

IT?

Where is this Central Intelligence Center?

CENTRAL Central Just keep going and you can't miss it

There was something funny about the way he talked, as though–

–as though he weren't really doing the talking

Funny is right Funny peculiar

Come *on*! Let's find Father

He'll be able to explain everything

I'm not sure I'll even know Father It's been so long

You'll know him

Excuse me, but could you please tell me–

Look!

That must be it! CENTRAL Central or whatever it is

I can feel minds there. I can't get at them, but I can feel them sort of pulsing
Let's go

Wait!

What are you *doing*, Calvin?

You remember when we met, you asked me why I was there?

And I told you it was because I had a compulsion, a feeling I just had to come to that particular place at that particular moment?

Yes
Sure

Well, I've got another feeling

If we go into that building, we're going into terrible danger

7
The Man with Red Eyes

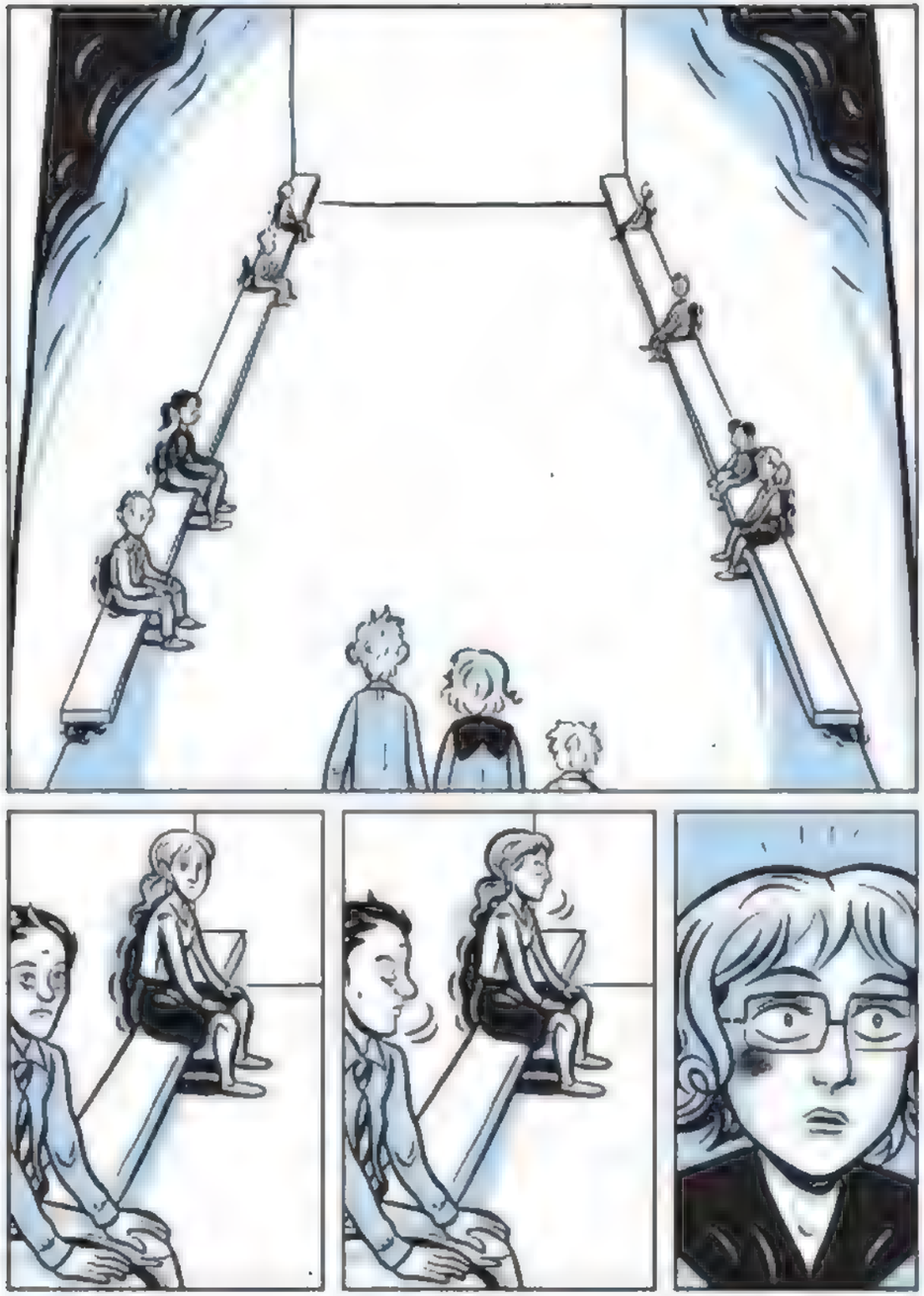
We knew we were going to be in danger Mrs Whatsit told us that
Yes, and she told us it was going to be worse for you than for Meg and me
You stay here with Meg, old sport, and let me case the joint
No! She told us to stay together. She told us not to go off by ourselves
She told you not to go off by yourself. I'm the oldest and I should go in first

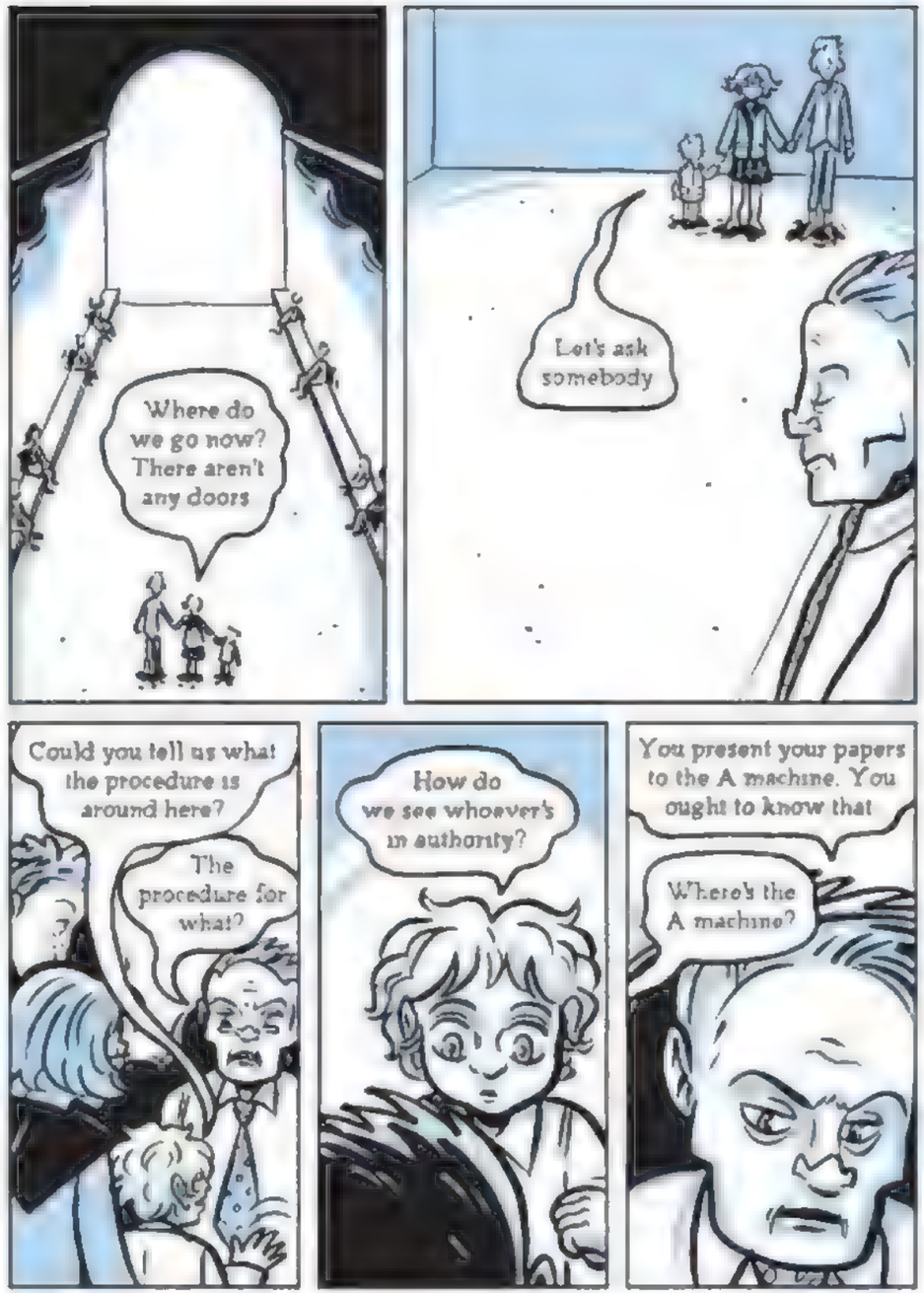
No Charles is right, Cal
We have to stay together Suppose you didn't come out and we had to go in after you? Unh-unh
Come on

Do we just knock?
There isn't any handle or knob or latch or anything Maybe there's another way in
Let's try knocking anyhow

Hisssss

Come on




Where do we go now? There aren't any doors
Let's ask somebody
Could you tell us what the procedure is around here?
The procedure for what?
How do we see whoever's in authority?
You present your papers to the A machine. You ought to know that
Where's the A machine?

You put your S papers in the B slot. Why are you asking me these stupid questions? Do you think I don't know the answers?
?
But there isn't a door or anything How do we get in?
You'd better not play games around here or you'll have to go through the Process machine again and you don't want to do that
We're strangers here. That's why we don't know about things
Please tell us, sir, who you are and what you do
I run a number-one spelling machine on the second grade level
But what are you doing here now?

I am here to report that one of my letters is jamming. Until it can be properly oiled by an F Grade oiler, there is danger of jammed minds
I think I shall have to report you. I'm fond of children and I don't like to get them in trouble, but rather than run the risk of reprocessing myself, I must report you

Maybe that's a good idea. Who do you report us to?

To whom do I report you

I wish Charles wouldn't act so sure of himself

Well, to whom, then. I'm not on the second-grade level yet

Don't, Charles Please don't!

And I don't want to get sent to IT I've never been sent to IT and I can't risk having *that* happen

I hope he isn't too hard on you, but I've been reprocessed once and that was more than enough

IT again

What is IT?

I'm not sure I want to know

I've had several reports to make lately. I shall have to ask for more A-21 cards

TAK

VVP?

You may be detained for a few days, but they won't be *too* hard on you. Just relax and don't fight and it will all be easier for you

?

I'm quoting Like Mrs Who Mor–

There is nothing to fear except fear itself

I'm scared stiff

What?

So'm I

Gasp!

Charles?!

Don't let go of me! Hold on tight! He's trying to get at me!

Let's go back

No!

I have to go on. We have to make decisions and we can't make them if they're based on fear

Looking at him feels like–

Like when we passed through the Black Thing on our way to Camazotz

Cold and dark and–

I have been waiting for you, my dears

But how does it happen that there are three of you?

Oh, Calvin just came along for the ride

Oh, he did, did he? I hope that it has been a pleasant one so far

Very educational

Let Calvin speak for himself

I have nothing to say

His eyes are *red*

How strange

Close your eyes!

Huh?

Don't look at his eyes! He'll hypnotize you

Clever, aren't you? Focusing your eyes would, of course, help– but there are other ways

CLAP

If you try them on me, I'll kick you!

Oh, will you indeed, my little man?

It's no good to try to oppose me

And you will soon realize there is no need to fight me

Not only is there no need, but you will not have the slightest desire to do so.

For why should you wish to fight someone who is here only to save you pain and trouble?

For you, and for the rest of the happy, useful people on this planet, I am willing to assume all the pain and responsibility of thought and decision

We'll make our own decisions, thank you!

But of *course*. And our decisions will be one, yours and mine.

Don't you see how much better, how much *easier* for you that is?

Let me show you. Let us say the multiplication table together

No

It

Once one is one Once two is two Once three is three

Mary had a little lamb!

Its fleece was white as snow!

Once four is four Once five is five Once six is six

And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go!

Once seven is seven Once eight is eight Once nine is nine

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, had a wife and couldn't keep—

Once ten is ten. Once eleven is eleven Once twelve is twelve

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal!

Twice four is eight Twice five is ten Twice six is—

FATHER FATHER

Splendid! Splendid! You have passed your preliminary tests with flying colors
You didn't think we'd fall for that old stuff, did you?
Ah, I hoped not I most sincerely hoped not

If you please–
We're only here because we think our father's here
Can you tell us where he is?
Ah, your father!
Yes, your father It's not *can* I, you know, young lady, but *will* I?
Will you, then?
That depends Why do you want your father?
Didn't you ever have a father? You don't want him for a *reason*. You want him because he's your *father*

Ah, but he hasn't been *acting* very like a father, lately. Abandoning his wife and his four little children, gallivanting off on wild adventures of his own

He was working for the government He'd never have left us otherwise And we want to see him, please

Right now

My, but the little miss is impatient! Patience, young lady

Patience is *not* one of my virtues

The spoken word is one of the triumphs of man—and I intend to continue using it, particularly with people I don't trust

And by the way, you don't need to vocalize verbally with me. I can understand you quite as well as you can understand me.

And you don't trust me?

What reason have you given us to trust you?

What cause have I given you for *distrust*?

Charles!

THWACK

TWITCH

May I–*hah*– ask why you–*hah*– did that?
Because you aren't you
I'm not sure what you are, but you You aren't what's talking to us. I'm sorry if I hurt you I didn't think you were real
I thought perhaps you were a robot, because I don't feel anything coming directly from you
I'm not sure where it's coming from, but it's coming *through* you It isn't you
Pretty smart, aren't you?
It's not that I'm smart

Try to find out who I am, then

I *have* been trying

Look into my eyes. Look deep within them and I will tell you

I have to

No!

No!

WHUD
KRAK

Charles!

I am not pleased
I could very easily lose patience with you—and that, young lady, would not be good for your father
If you have the slightest desire to see him again, you'd better cooperate

It might help if you gave us something to eat! We're all starved. If you're going to be horrible to us, you might as well give us dinner first
Hahahaha haha hahaha!
It's lucky for you that you amuse me, my dear, or I shouldn't be so easy on you. The boys I find not nearly so diverting
Ah, well If I feed you, will you stop interfering with me?
No

We've had enough of these preliminaries Let's get on with it
That's exactly what we were doing until your sister interfered Shall we try again?
No! No, Charles *Please* Let me do it, or Calvin

But it is only the little boy whose neurological system is complex enough If you tried to conduct the necessary neurons, your brains would explode.
And Charles's wouldn't?
I think not
But there's a possibility?
There's always a possibility
Then he mustn't do it
I think you will have to grant him the right to make his own decisions
Ah, here we are!

But there's something phony about this setup
There's definitely something rotten in the state of Camazotz
Mmm! It smells like—like a turkey dinner!
Doesn't it smell wonderful?
SNIFF!
I don't smell anything
I know, young man, and think how much you're missing!

This will all taste to you as though you were eating sand, but I suggest you force it down. I would rather not have your decisions come from the weakness of an empty stomach
Oh, Jeemmy
If this isn't real, it's the best imitation you'll ever get

Hahahahaha! Go on, little fellow. Eat!

PTEW

Ugh! This is unfair!

I don't think we should eat this stuff, but if you're going to, I'd better, too

It tastes all right

Try some of mine, Charles

Still tastes like sand

Yes, because you've shut your mind entirely to me

The other two can't—I can get in through the chinks

Not all the way in, but enough to give them a turkey dinner

You see, I'm really just a kind, jolly old gentleman

Ha

Why don't you trust me, Charles? Why don't you trust me enough to come in and find out what I am?

I am peace and utter rest. I am freedom from all responsibility. To come in to me is the last difficult decision you need ever make

If I come in, can I get out again?

Of course— if you want to

But I don't think you will want to

If I come—not to stay, you understand—just to find out about you, will you tell us where Father is?

Yes. That is a promise. And I don't make promises lightly.

I have to find out what he really is. You know that.

You mustn't stop me this time, Meg.

But you won't be able to, Charles! You know he's stronger than you!

I have to try.

Okay.

Let's go.

Come on, Meg—eat this delicious food that has been prepared for us.

No!

No!

No!

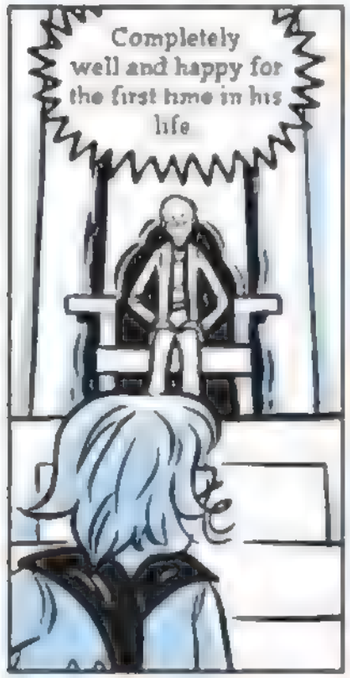
No!

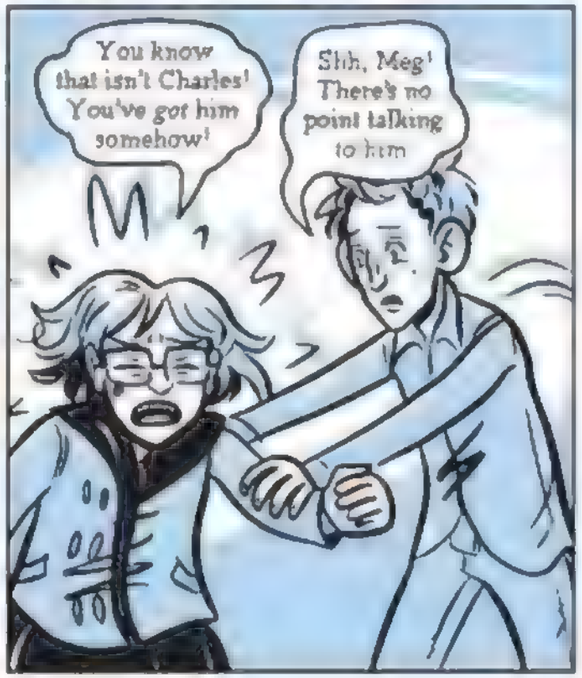
No!

SMASH

8
The Transparent Column

Where is he? What have you done to him?
My dear child, he is right there before you, well and happy


Completely well and happy for the first time in his life


You know that isn't Charles! You've got him somehow!
Shh, Meg! There's no point talking to him

What we have to do is hold Charles Wallace tight. He's in there, somewhere, and we can't let them take him away

Help me hold him, Meg Don't lose control of yourself–not now

You're hurting me, Meg! Let go!

No
But listen, Meg–we've all been wrong

He isn't an enemy at all He's our friend
Nuts

You don't understand, Calvin
Mrs Whatsit, Mrs Who, and Mrs Which have confused us They're our *real* enemies We never should have trusted *them*

Meg, let go I'll explain everything, but you must let go

No
OOF!

Calvin!
Calvin, I advise you to let me go
Mrs Whatsit! Oh, Mrs Whatsit!

Meg–

Meg, just listen to me

I'm listening

You've got to stop fighting and relax. If you'd just relax, you'd realize that all our troubles are over

On this planet everything is in perfect order because everyone has learned to relax

Give in

Submit

All you have to do, dear sister, is look quietly and steadily into the eyes of our good friend here, and he will take you in as he has taken me

Taken you in is right! You know you're not you– you've never in your life called me *dear sister*

Shut up a minute, Meg!

Let us go and stop talking to us through Charles. We know it's you talking through him We know you've got him hypnotized

A most primitive way of putting it

Thanks. Now, if you are our friend, will you tell us who–or what– you are?

I am the Prime Coordinator That is all you need to know

Are you the one who's going to take us to Mr Murry?

No It is not necessary, nor is it possible, for me to leave here

Charles Wallace will conduct you

No
SNAP!
Ever since we started this journey I've been looking for a hand to hold
I've got to be brave
I will be

Oh!

Cal!

Remember Mrs Whatsit said your gift was communication? Well, we've been trying to fight Charles physically, and that isn't any good

Can't you try to communicate with him—to get in to him?

I can try

Charles—

Leave me alone!

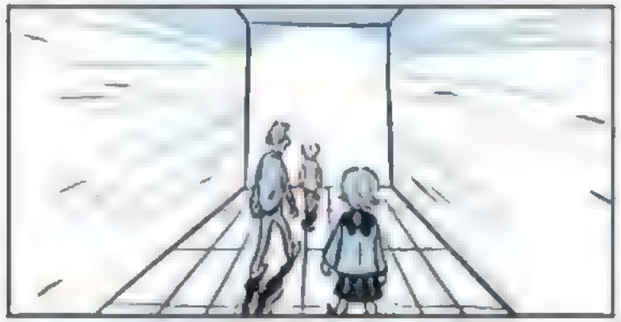
I'm not going to hurt you, old sport I'm just trying to be friendly Let's make it up, hunh?

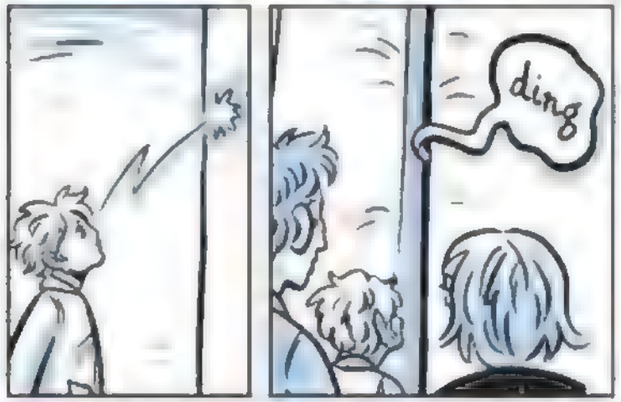
You mean you're coming around?

Sure We're reasonable people, after all Just look at me for a minute, Charles

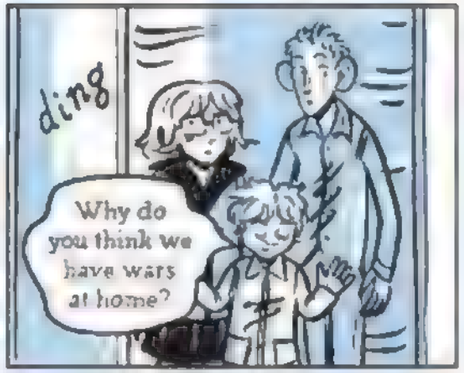
Rrrgh!
Argh!

I should have known better
If you want to see Murry, you'd better not try that again
That's what you call your father? Murry?
Father? What is a father? Merely another misconception If you feel you need a father, then I suggest you turn to IT
Who's this IT?
Oh, you're not ready for IT yet

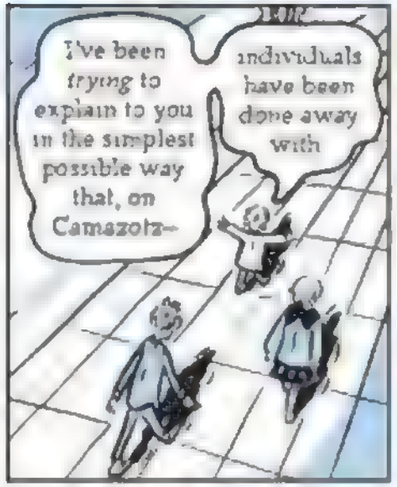


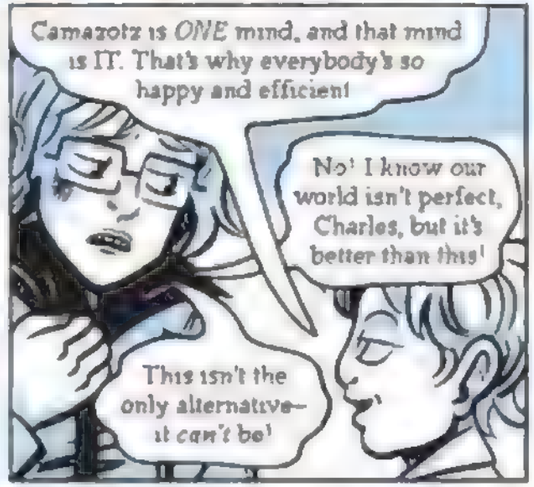


On Camazotz we are all happy because we are all alike.
Differences create problems You know that, don't you, dear sister?
No
SSSS


ding
Why do you think we have wars at home?

Why do you think people get confused and unhappy? Because they all live their own, separate, individual lives

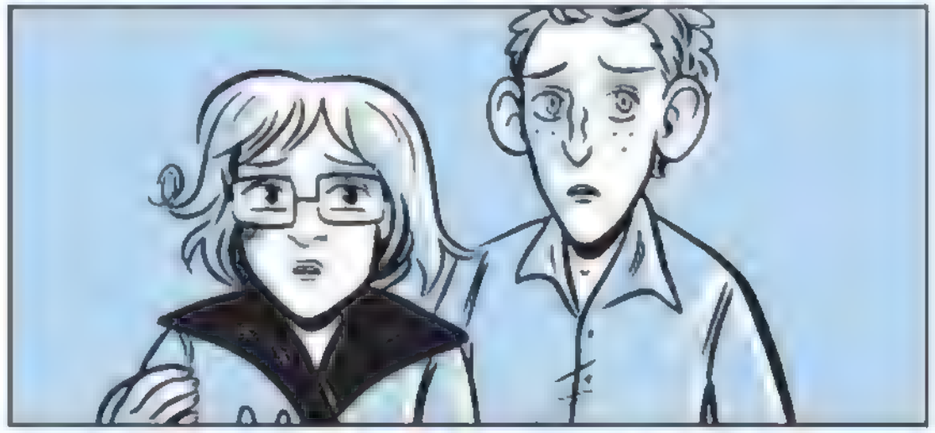

I've been trying to explain to you in the simplest possible way that, on Camazotz–
individuals have been done away with

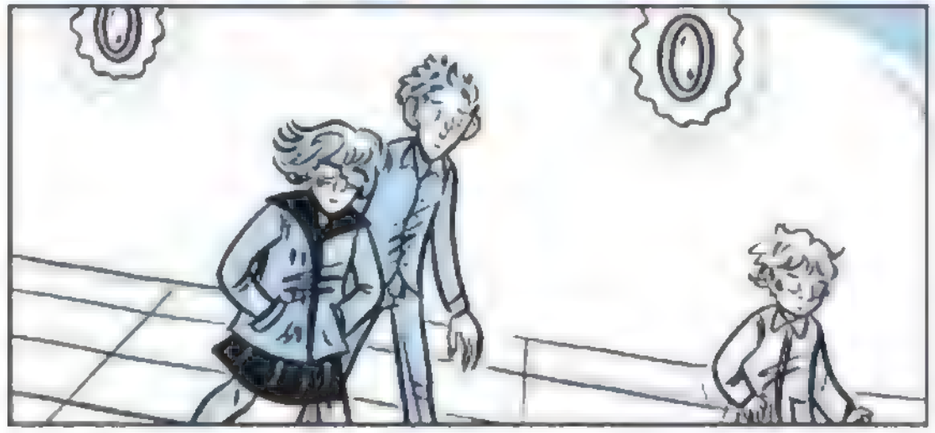

Camazotz is ONE mind, and that mind is IT. That's why everybody's so happy and efficient
No! I know our world isn't perfect, Charles, but it's better than this!
This isn't the only alternative– it can't be!

Nobody suffers here. Nobody is ever unhappy
But nobody's ever happy, either

Maybe if you aren't unhappy sometimes, you don't know how to be happy

Come. We're wasting time.





Look

bounce

ZAP!

WAAAAAA!

That's the little boy we saw this afternoon!

The little boy who wasn't bouncing the ball like the others

ZAP!

WAAAAAA!

giggle!

Yes

Every once in a while there's a little trouble with cooperation, but it's easily taken care of. After today he'll never desire to deviate again

Ah, here we are

FATHER!

OOF!
hee hee
hee hee hee
The *real* Charles would never laugh at me
Oh, Father

Looks a mess, doesn't he?
Charles, that's Father! *Father!*
So what?

Let me in to him, Charles

No

If you really want to help him, you must do as I have done and go in to IT

Take my word for it, Margaret–

–IT wants you and IT will get you

And for thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands

she did confine thee . . . into a cloven pine–

Stop staring at me!

It's like Mrs Who said You're like Ariel in *The Tempest*, Charles, trapped in the cloven pine. And I can let you out

Look at me, Charles Come back to us

Come back, Charles

He almost came out He almost came back to us
I don't know what to do I don't know how to get in.
They're asking too much of us

Mrs Who's spectacles!
Give me those!

The door! I can see it!
Meg!
Give them to me!

Meg!
Father!
Oh, Father! Oh, Father!

Meg
What are you doing here? Where's your mother? Where are the boys?
We have to go to Charles Wallace
Quickly
Father?

Can't you see me?
No, Meg
Here
I'm afraid your glasses won't help, Meg
Please try them, Father Just try

Yes, how extraordinary! I can almost see the atoms rearranging!
Can you see now?
Yes
Charles?!
Meg, what's happened to him?! That is Charles, isn't it?
IT has him, Father

Meg, I'm in prison here I have been for–

Father, these walls–you can go through them! I came into the column to get you It was the glasses–Mrs Who's glasses

I think they they help the atoms rearrange

Put your arms around my neck, Meg

Hold on tight, close your eyes–

–and don't be afraid

IT is not pleased.

Charles–
Charles Wallace
What do you want?
I'm your father, Charles
Hiya, Pop
That isn't Charles, Father! Charles isn't like that!
IT has him
Yes, I see

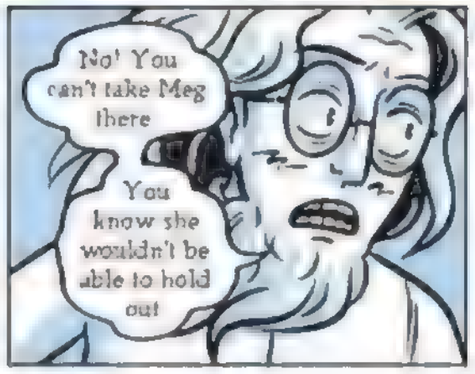
Charles Come here
When you speak to me you will say "No, Father," or "No, sir"
Look at me
No
Come off it, Pop You're not the boss around here
BAM
Calvin!

He can't hear you
Nyaaa!
Who's Calvin?
He's–

You'll have to defer your explanations. We're going, now

Going where?

To IT


No! You can't take Meg there
You know she wouldn't be able to hold out

Exactly

Where are we going?
To IT

I don't want to go! I can't!
We can't leave Charles They wouldn't like it
Who wouldn't?
Mrs Whatsit & Co

But they've betrayed us! They brought us here to this terrible place and *abandoned* us! And–and even Father can't help Charles, so how–

You sit down and give up if you like. I'm sticking with Charles

I didn't mean–

Do something, Father. Do something! Save us!

IT's in there

Waiting for us

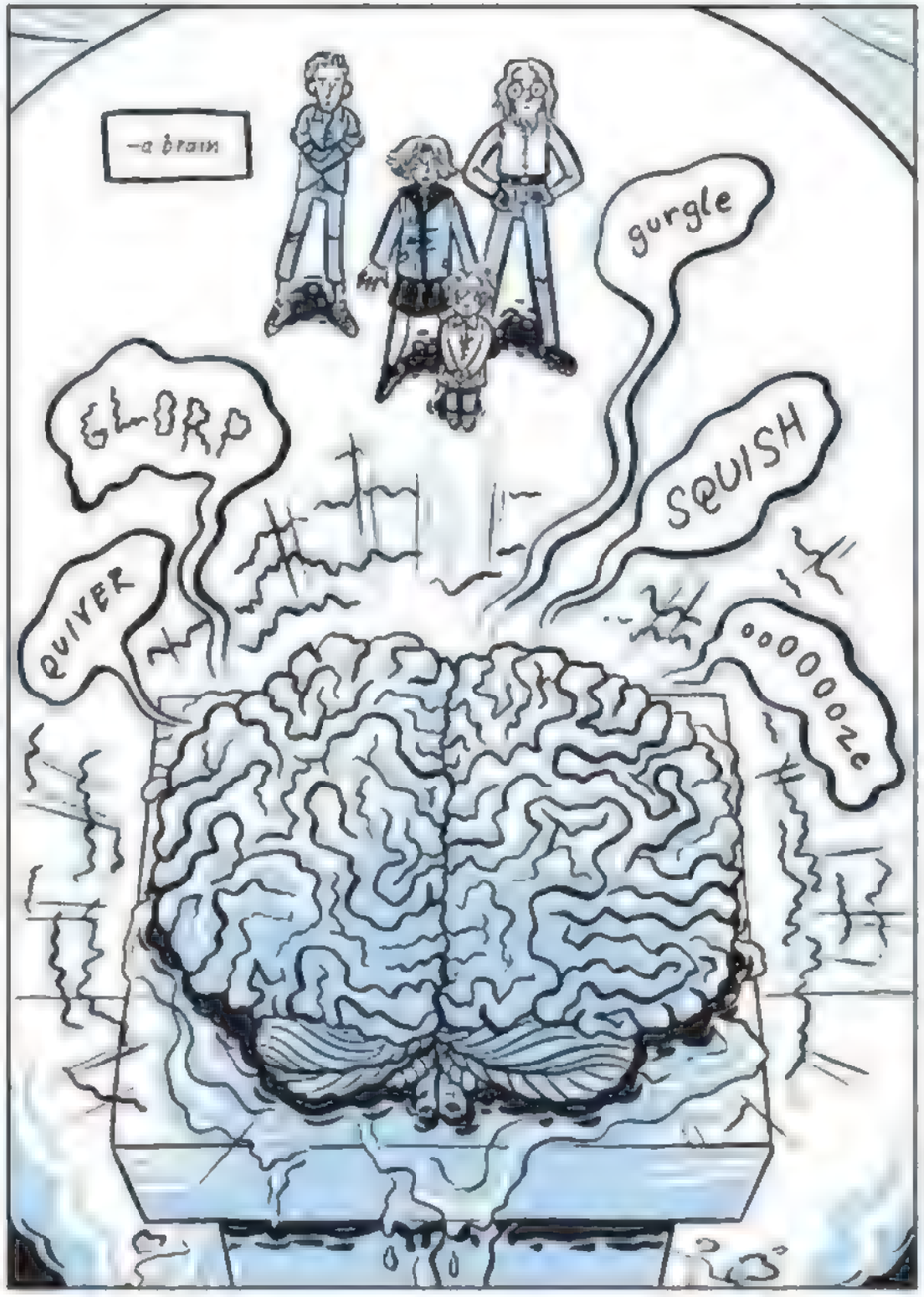
CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

CLICK

What is that?
It's–
IT is–


–a brain
gurgle
GLORP
SQUISH
QUIVER
OOOOOOZE

Charles's eyes–

Don't give in!

I won't!

Help, Meg!

That pulsing light–

I can *feel* it

BA

In my heart

DUM

In my lungs

IT's trying to–

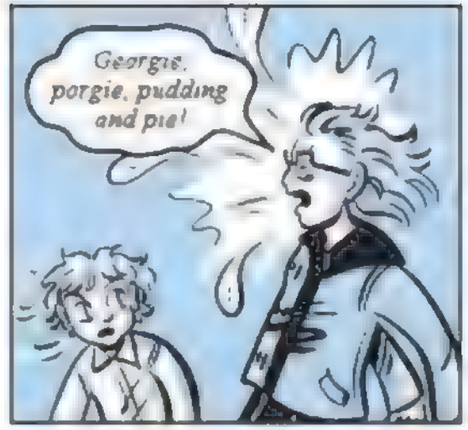
–to hypnotize us

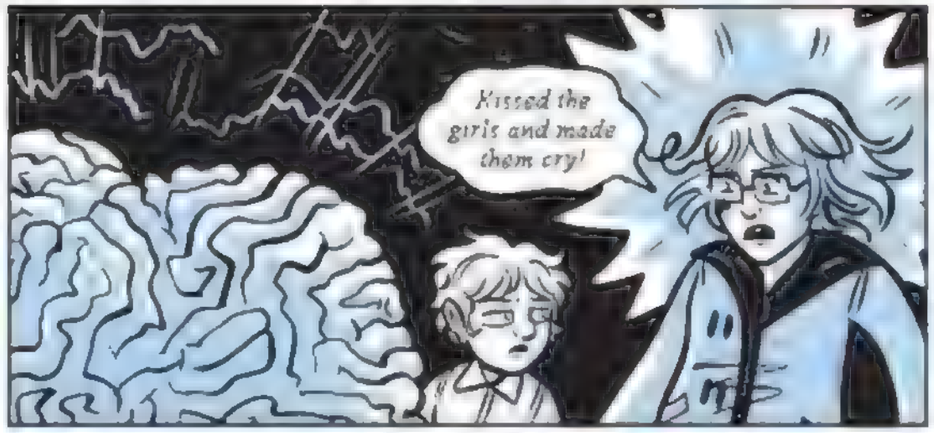
It would be so easy to–

–let go

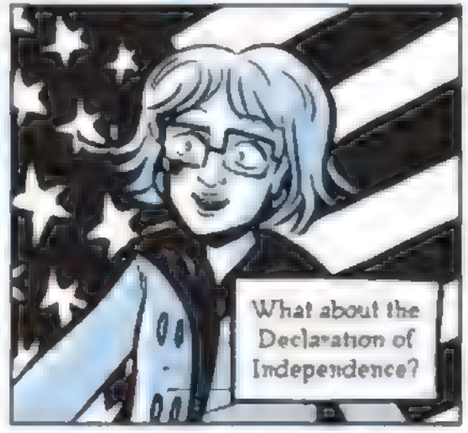
Meg
I give you your faults

ANGER
IMPATIENCE
STUBBORNNESS


Georgie, porgie, pudding and pie!


Kissed the girls and made them cry!

No, that's no good– nursery rhymes just fall into the rhythm But what about–

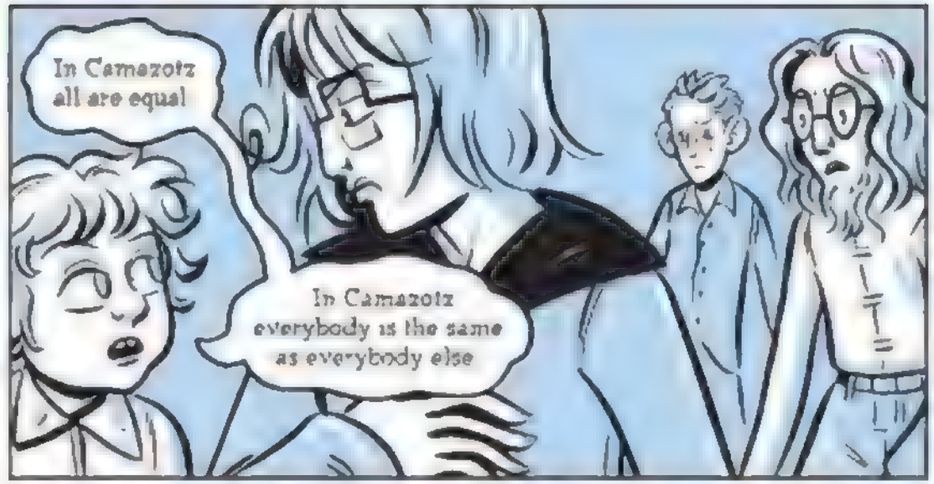

What about the Declaration of Independence?

We hold these truths to be self evident'
That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'

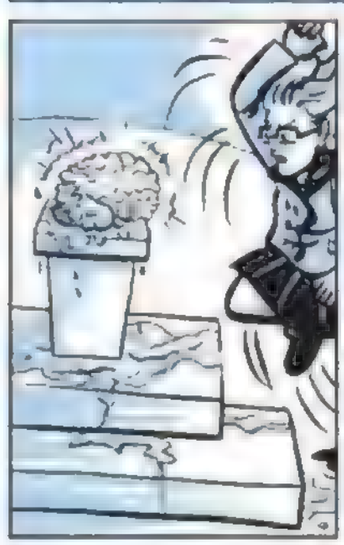
But that's exactly what we have on Camazotz Complete equality Everyone alike
No!

Like and equal are not the same thing at all!

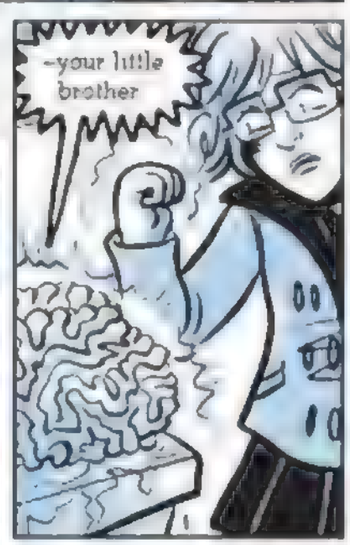
Good girl, Meg!


In Camazotz all are equal
In Camazotz everybody is the same as everybody else

Like and equal are two entirely different things'



Destroy me, and you also destroy–


–your little brother

The periodic table of elements, Meg! Say it!
Hydrogen
Helium
Lithium,
Beryllium,
Boron,
Carbon–
Nitrogen, Oxygen, Fluorine–
Too rhythmical!
What's the square root of five?
The square root of five is 2.236!
2.236 times 2.236 equals 5!

What's the square root of seven?
The square root of seven is–
IT's getting to me. I can't hold out much longer.
Is–
We've got to get out of here!
Tesser, sir!
Tesser!

10
Absolute Zero

Cold.

I feel cold

Her heart is beating so slowly—

Calvin! I can hear him! Even his voice sounds cold. Frozen.

But it's beating. She's alive.

And Father. He's there, too. Or here, wherever *here* is.

Barely

She'll be all right. All we have to do is wait.

Yes. You're right, sir.

Father!

Calvin!

I'm alive!

I'm here!

Only—only I've been turned to stone

At least you got her away from IT. You got us both away—and IT's so much more powerful, and—

How *did* we stay out, sir? How did we manage as long as we did?

Because IT's completely unused to being refused

That's the only reason I could keep from being absorbed, too. No mind has tried to hold out against IT for so many thousands of centuries that certain centers have become soft and atrophied through lack of use.

But if you hadn't come when you did . . . I'm not sure how much longer I would have lasted

I was on the point of giving in

Sir

Why were you on Camazotz at all?

It was an accident

I was heading for Mars, but tessering is even more complicated than we had expected

And, sir, how was IT able to get Charles Wallace before it got Meg and me?

Charles Wallace trusted too much in his own strength. He thought he could deliberately go into IT and–

Listen! Her heartbeat is getting stronger!

Father's voice doesn't sound so frozen anymore, but where is Charles Wallace?

Why doesn't he speak?

Can't we do *anything*, sir? Can't we look for help? Do we have to just go on waiting?

We can't leave her, Calvin. We must stay together. We must *not* be afraid to take time

You mean we rushed into things too fast on Camazotz, and Charles Wallace rushed in too fast, and that's why he got caught?

Maybe I'm not sure

Time is different on Camazotz, anyhow. Our time, inadequate though it is, at least is straight forward

It may not be even fully one dimensional, because it can't move back and forth on its line, only ahead–but at least it's consistent in its direction

Time on Camazotz seems to be inverted, turned in on itself. I have no idea whether I was imprisoned in that column for centuries or only for minutes

I think I feel a pulse in her wrist now

But I can't feel you touching my wrist

I can't feel my wrist at all

About your project, sir. Were you on it alone?

Oh, no. There were half a dozen of us working on it

And did you come to Camazotz alone? Or were there others with you?

I came alone

There was no way to try it out with rats or monkeys or dogs. And we had no idea whether it would really work or whether it would be complete bodily disintegration

Playing with time and space is a dangerous game.

But why you, su?

I wasn't the first. We drew straws, and I was second

What happened to the first man?

We don't—look! Did her eyelids move?

No. It was only a shadow

But I *did* blink. I'm sure I did. And I can hear you!

Do something!

We drew straws, and I was second

We saw Hank go. He vanished right in front of us

We waited a year for his return, for a message

But Nothing

It's frightening as well as exciting to discover that matter and energy are the same thing, that size is an illusion, and that time is a material substance

Father

We can know this, but it's far more than we can understand with our puny little brains

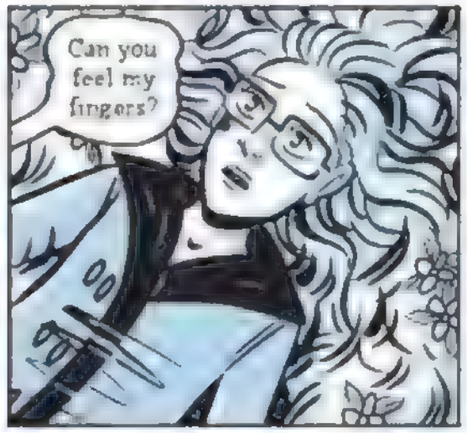
I think you will be able to comprehend far more than I—and Charles Wallace even more than—

Father!

Father!

Gnnnrgh!

Meg!



Wh-Where's

Ch Charles Wallace?

Meg, are you all right?

I c-c-can't move

Try Wiggle your fingers and toes

We were knocked out for a minute, too. Don't get panicky. You'll be all right.

Where's Charles Wallace?

Why am I so cold?

Where are we?

I don't know, Meg

I don't tesser very well I must have overshot We're not on Camazotz, but I don't know where we are

I think you're so cold because we went through the Black Thing--I thought for a moment it was going to tear you away from me

Is this a dark planet?

I don't think so. But I know so little about anything that I can't be sure

You shouldn't have tried to tesser, then

It was the only thing to do. At least it got us off Camazotz

But why did we go without Charles Wallace?

Did we just leave him there?

No, Meg, we didn't "just leave him"

If your father had tried to yank Charles away when he tessered us, and if IT had kept grabbing hold of Charles, it might have been too much for him— and we'd have lost him forever

And we had to do something right then

Why?

IT was taking us. You and I were slipping, and if your father had gone on trying to help us, he wouldn't have been able to hold out, either

You told him to tesser!

There isn't any question of blame!

Can you move yet?

No! And you'd better take me back to Camazotz and Charles Wallace *now*. You're supposed to be able to *help*!

You don't even know where we are! We'll never see Mother or the twins again!
We don't know where earth is! Or even where Camazotz is! We're lost out in space!
What are you going to DO?
RUB
RUB
My daughter, I am not a Mrs Whatsit, a Mrs Who, or a Mrs Which. I am a human being, and a fallible one
Ow!

You're hurting me!
Then you're feeling again. I'm afraid it is going to hurt, Meg
PAIN

Gnnnnh!
Look!

Monsters!
He's killed us, bringing us here!
I'll never see Charles Wallace again, or Mother, or the twins, or –
How do you do, sir–ma'am–?
BAU

Who are you?

They'll eat us! They're making me hurt!

My toes– my fingers–

Everything *hurts.*

We're, uh–we're from earth. I'm not sure how we got here. We've had an accident

Meg– this girl–is paralyzed

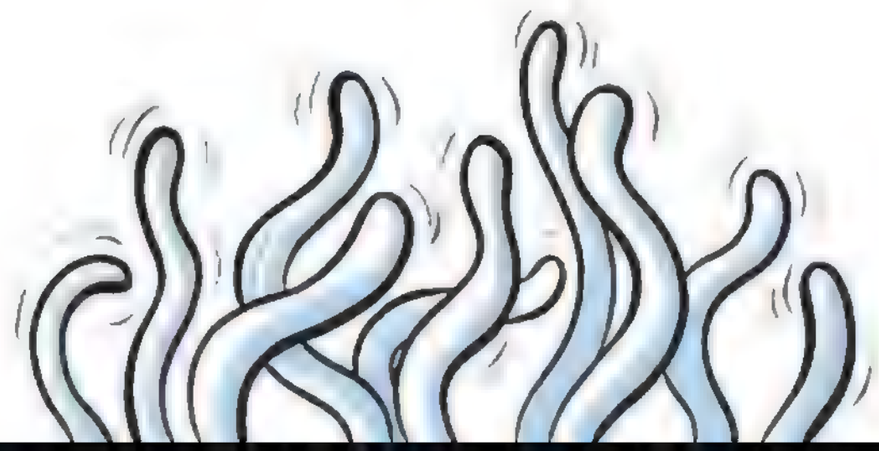
She can't move. She's terribly cold. We think that's why she can't move

Ugh! No, don't–

The pain– it's going

And what is that wonderful smell?

11
Aunt Beast



No!
Please put her down!

We frighten you?
What are you going to do with us?
I'm sorry, we communicate better with the other one
Who are you?
I'm Calvin O'Keefe
What's that?
I'm a boy A– a young man
And you, too, are afraid?
I'm–
I'm not sure

Tell me, what do you suppose you'd do if three of us suddenly arrived on your home planet?

Shoot you, I guess

Then isn't that what we should do with you?

I'd really rather you didn't

I mean, the earth's my home, and I'd rather be there than anywhere in the world–I mean, the universe–and I can't wait to get back, but we make some awful bloopers there

Perhaps they aren't used to visitors from other planets

Used to it! We've never had any, as far as I know

SMAK

You aren't from a . . . a dark planet, are you?

No

We're–we're shadowed But we're fighting the shadow

You three are fighting?

Yes

I was a prisoner on Camazotz–

–and these children rescued me

My youngest son, my baby, is still there, trapped in the dark mind of IT

Don't tell them everything! Don't they remember we're in danger?

We must take this child back with us

Don't leave me the way you left Charles!

Grunn!

Stop fighting. You make it worse

Relax

That's– that's what IT said!

Father! Calvin! *Help!*

This child is in danger. You must trust us

Can you save her?

We think so

This little girl needs prompt and special care. The coldness of the–what is it you call it?

The Black Thing?

The Black Thing Yes

The Black Thing burns unless it is counteracted properly

I remember
Pain
But it's only a memory now
So you are awake, little one?
What a funny little tadpole you are! Is the pain gone now?
All gone

OW!

Nan—

No, lie still, small one

I put you in a fur robe to keep you warm. You must not exert yourself. You must not even try to feed yourself. You must be as an infant again

FWUM

The Black Thing does not relinquish its victims willingly

Where are Father and Calvin? Have they gone back for Charles Wallace?

They are eating and resting, and we are trying to learn about each other and see what is best to help you

Why is it so dark in here?

What is this dark? What is this light? We do not understand

Your father and the boy, Calvin, have asked this, too, but we do not understand what it means, *to see*

Well, it's what things look like

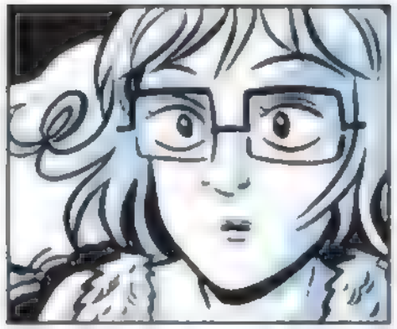
We do not know what things *look* like, as you say

We know what things *are* like

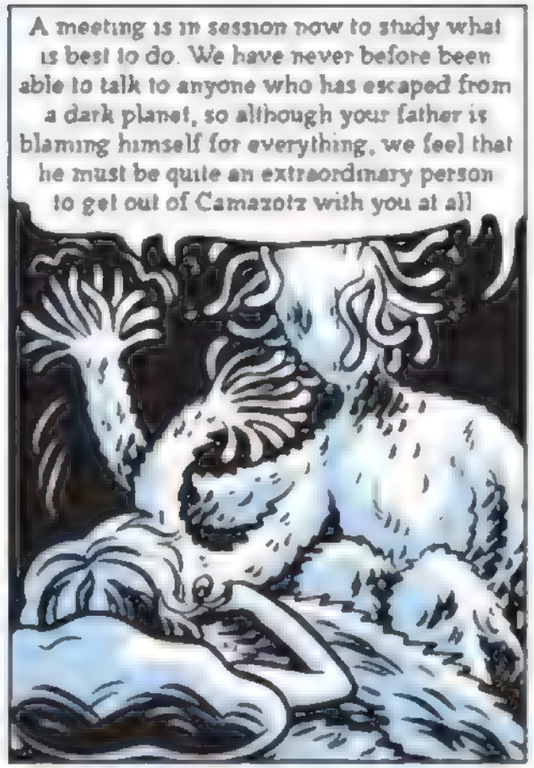
It must be a very limiting thing, this seeing

Oh, no! It's—it's the most wonderful thing in the world!

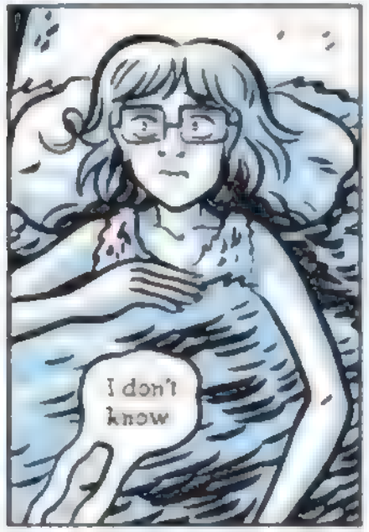
What a very strange world yours must be!



What are they doing about Charles Wallace? We don't know what IT's doing to him or making him do


A meeting is in session now to study what is best to do. We have never before been able to talk to anyone who has escaped from a dark planet, so although your father is blaming himself for everything, we feel that he must be quite an extraordinary person to get out of Camazotz with you at all

But the little boy–ah, my child, you must accept that this will not be easy
To go *back* through the Black Thing, *back* to Camazotz–I don't know


I don't know

But Father left him! He's got to bring him back! He can't just *abandon*–
Nobody said anything about *abandoning* anybody. That is not our way

But we know that just because we want something does not mean that we will get it, and we still do not know *what* to do. And we cannot allow you, in your present state, to do anything that would jeopardize us all

I can see that you wish your father to go rushing back to Camazotz, and you could probably make him do this, and where would we be?

Don't worry about your little brother. We would never leave him behind the shadow

But for now you must relax, you must be happy, and you must get well

Now I will feed you

It is so long since my own small ones were grown and gone

Mmm

I've had nothing to eat since that horrible fake turkey dinner on Camazotz

What should I call you, please?

Well, now Try not to say any words for just a moment Think within your own mind

Think of all the things you call different kinds of people

Mother? Father?

No, *mother* is special, a one-name; and a father you have here

Brother? Sister? Friend? Teacher?
Hmm No, none of those
Acquaintance?
What is *acquaintance*? What a funny, hard word
Aunt?
Aunt Maybe. Yes, perhaps that will do
You think of such odd words about me. *Thing*, and *monster*! I really do not think I am a monster
Beast
Beast That will do *Aunt Beast*
Aunt Beast Haha
Have I said something funny? Isn't Aunt Beast all right?
Aunt Beast is lovely. Please sing to me, Aunt Beast

Morning? How long was I ?
What a lovely sleep, my darling. Do you feel all right?
I feel wonderful.

Aunt Beast, what is this planet called?
Oh, dear
I find it not easy to put things the way your mind shapes them, but . . . You can call us Ixchel, I guess. We share the same sun as Camazotz, but that, give thanks, is all we share
Are you fighting the Black Thing?
Oh, yes! In doing that we can never relax. Of course, we have help
Who helps you?
Oh, dear, it is so difficult to explain. What can I say that will mean anything to you?
Good helps us, the stars help us, perhaps what you would call *light* helps us, love helps us. Oh, my child, I cannot explain!
This is something you just have to know or not know
But–

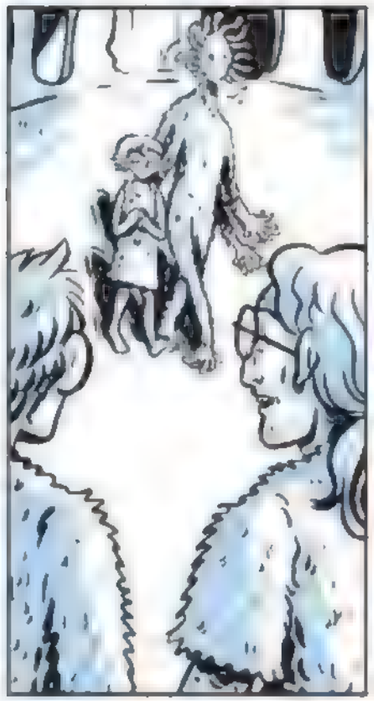
We look not at the things which are what you would call seen, but at the things which are not seen

For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal

Would you like me to take you to your father and your Calvin?

Oh, yes, please!

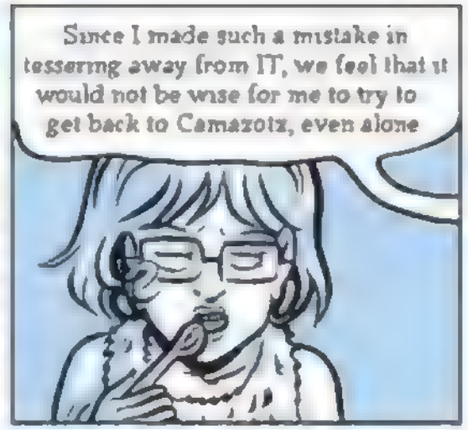
Let us go, then. They are waiting for you

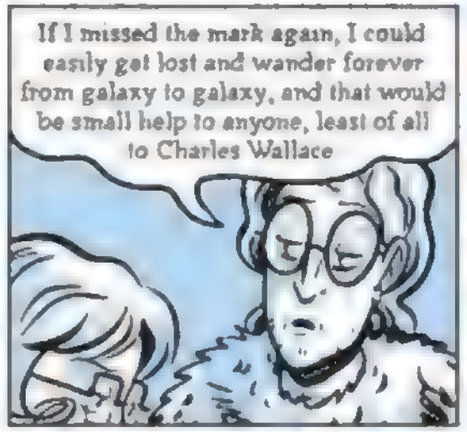


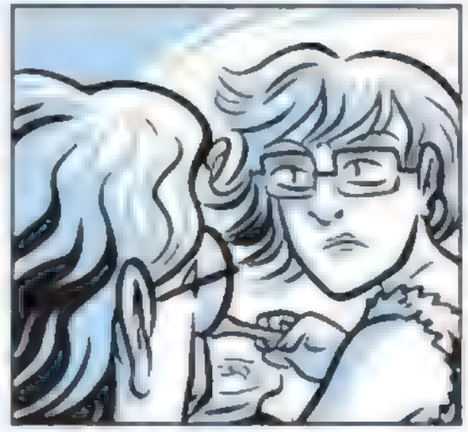
They promised us you were all right
I'm fine

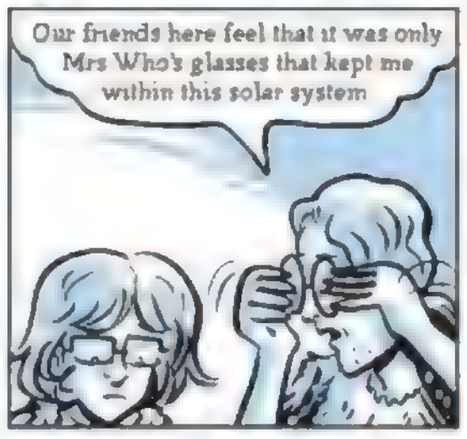
Meg! You've never tasted such food in your life! Come and eat!

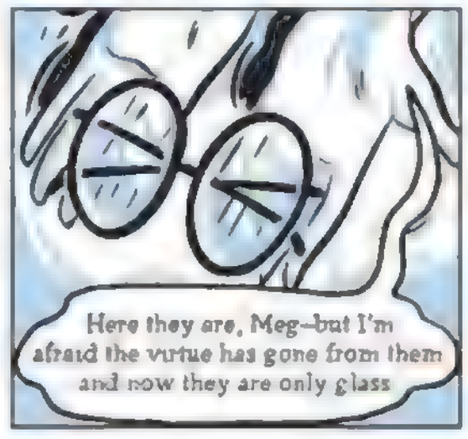
We were trying to work out a plan to rescue Charles Wallace


Since I made such a mistake in tessering away from IT, we feel that it would not be wise for me to try to get back to Camazotz, even alone


If I missed the mark again, I could easily get lost and wander forever from galaxy to galaxy, and that would be small help to anyone, least of all to Charles Wallace

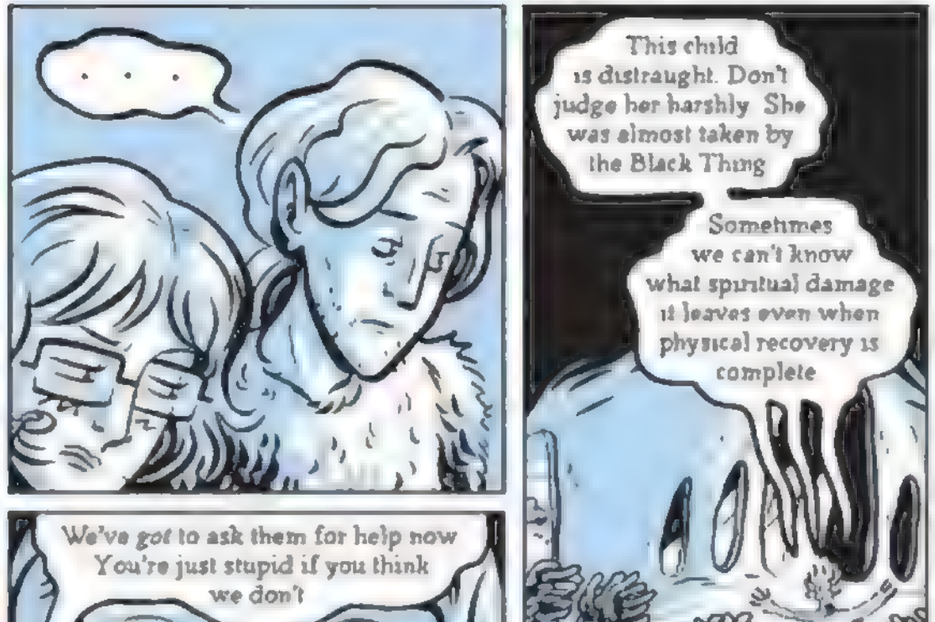


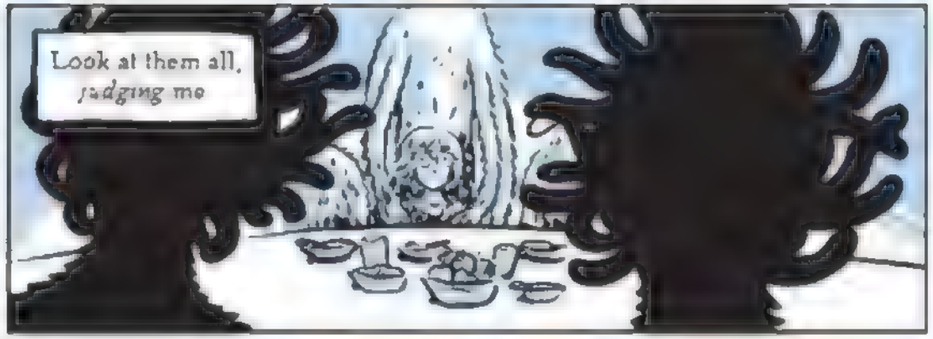

Our friends here feel that it was only Mrs Who's glasses that kept me within this solar system


Here they are, Meg–but I'm afraid the virtue has gone from them and now they are only glass

These people know all about tessering, but they can't do it onto a dark planet
Have you tried to call Mrs Whatsit?
Not yet
But if you haven't thought of anything else, it's the *only* thing to do!

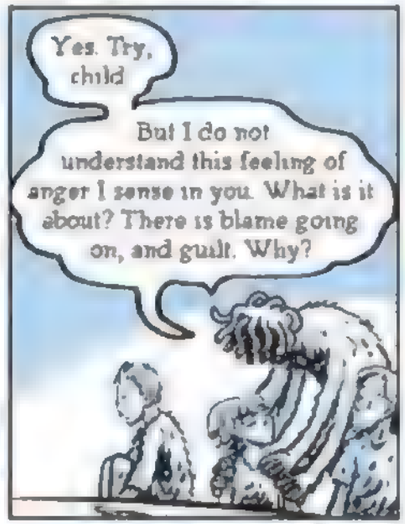
Father, don't you care about Charles at all?
Child!


We've *got* to ask them for help now You're just stupid if you think we don't
This child is distraught. Don't judge her harshly She was almost taken by the Black Thing
Sometimes we can't know what spiritual damage it leaves even when physical recovery is complete

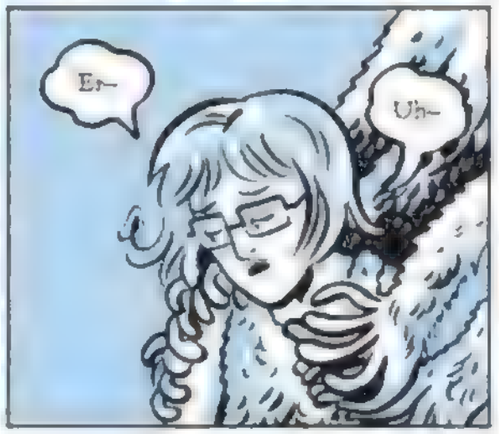

Look at them all, *judging* me

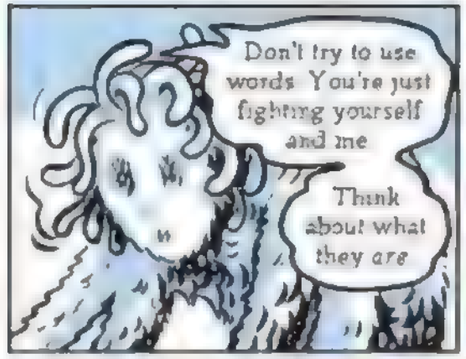
Hasn't it occurred to you that we've been *trying* to tell them about our ladies? What do you think we've been doing all this time–stuffing our faces?

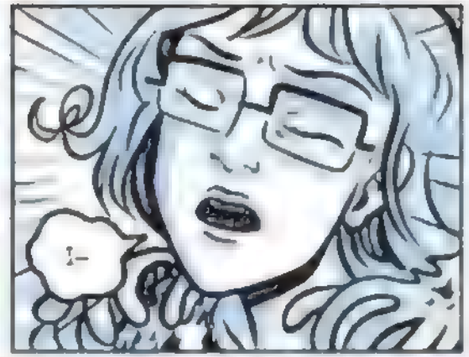
Okay, you have a shot at it

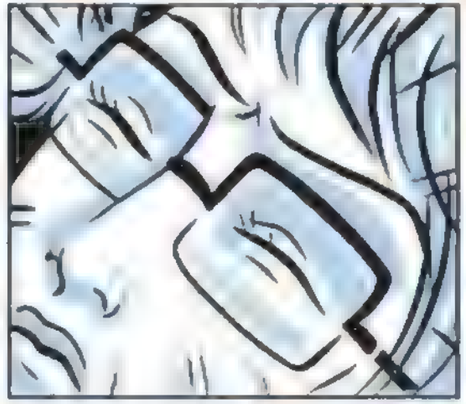

Yes. Try, child
But I do not understand this feeling of anger I sense in you. What is it about? There is blame going on, and guilt. Why?

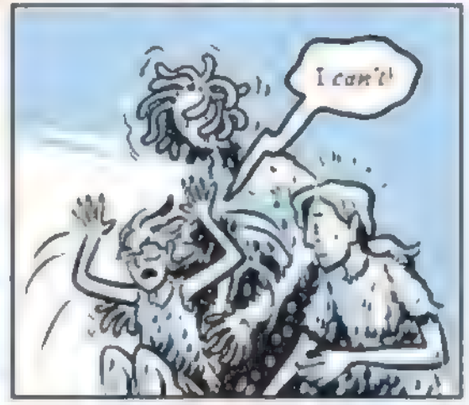
Aunt Beast, don't you know?
No. But this is not telling me about– whoever they are you want us to know. Try


Er–
Uh–


Don't try to use words. You're just fighting yourself and me
Think about what they *are*


I–



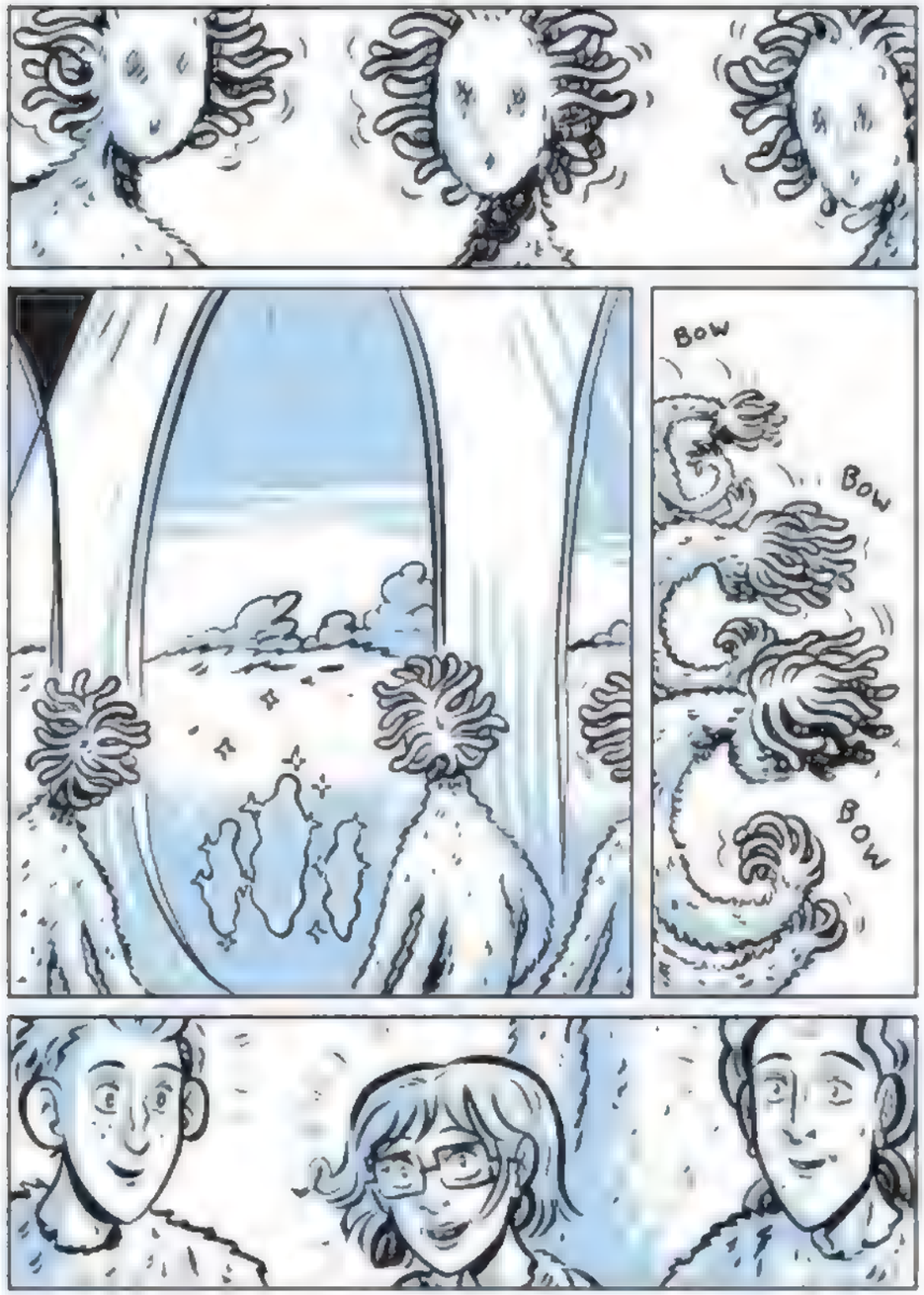

I can't!

Angels!

Guardian angels!

12

The Foolish and the Weak


Bow
Bow
Bow

You wanted us?
It is a question of the little boy
Father left him! He left him on Camazotz!
And what do you expect us to do?
But it's Charles Wallace! IT has him, Mrs Whatsit!
Save him, please save him!
You know we can do nothing on Camazotz
You mean you'll let Charles be caught by IT forever?
Did I say that?
But we can't do anything! You know we can't! We *tried*! Mrs Whatsit, you have to save him!

Meg

This is not our way

I thought you would know that this is not our way

I don't believe we've been introduced

Father–Mrs Whatsit, Mrs Who, and Mrs Which

I'm so very glad to–

I'm sorry, my glasses are broken, and I can't see you very well

It's not necessary to see us

If you could teach me enough more about the tesseract so I could get back to Camazotz–

Wwhatt tthenn?

I will try to take my child away from IT

Annd yyou kknoww tthatt yyou wwill nnott ssucceeedd?

There's nothing left except to try

I'm sorry. We cannot allow you to go

Then let me!

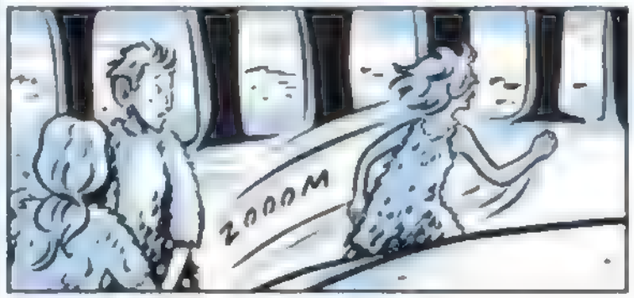
You will not be able to reach him

I almost got him away before

No, Calvin Charles has gone even deeper into IT

Then what are you going to do? Are you just going to throw Charles away?

Ssilencce cchilldd!


ZOOOM

I can't go, I can't!
You know I can't!

Ddidd annybbodyy asskk yyou no?

WAAANNN

All right, I'll go! I know you want me to go!
We want nothing from you that you do without grace, or that you do without understanding
But I do understand
Father . . . I'm not angry with you anymore
I'm not angry anymore
Wwhatt ddo yyou unndderrsstannddd?
That it has to be me

It can't be anyone else
I don't understand Charles, but he understands me. I'm the one who's closest to him. Father's been away for so long, since Charles Wallace was a baby. They don't know each other
And Calvin's only known Charles for such a little time. If it had been longer, then he would have been the one, but–
Oh, I see, I see, I understand, it has to be me
There isn't anyone else
I will not allow it!
Wwhyy?
Look, I don't know what or who you are, and at this point I don't care. I will not allow my daughter to go alone into this danger!
Wwhyy?

You know what the outcome will probably be! And she's weak, now, weaker than she was before. She was almost killed by the Black Thing. I fail to understand how you can even *consider*–

Maybe IT's right about you! Or maybe you're in league with IT. *I'm* the one to go if anybody goes!

Why did you bring me along at all? To take care of Meg! You said so yourself!

But you have done that

I haven't done anything!

You can't send Meg! I won't allow it! I'll put my foot down! I won't permit it!

Don't you see that you're making something that is already hard for Meg even harder?

Is she strong enough to tesser again? You know what she has been through

If Which takes her, she can manage.

If it will help, I could go, too, and hold her

Oh, Aunt Beast–

No

I was afraid not. I just wanted you to *know* that I *would*

Mrs—uh —Whatsit

Are you remembering that she is only a child?

And she's backward!

I resent that! I'm better than you at math and you know it!

Do you have the courage to go alone?

No But it doesn't matter

You know it's the only thing to do You know they'd never send me alone if–

How do we know they're not in league with IT?

Father!

No, Meg– I don't blame your father for being angry and suspicious and frightened And I can't pretend that we are doing anything but sending you into the gravest kind of danger

It may even be a fatal danger–but I don't believe that

And the Happy Medium doesn't believe it, either

Can't she see what's going to happen?

Oh, not this kind of thing If we knew ahead of time what was going to happen, we'd be–we'd be like the people on Camazotz, with no lives of our own, everything planned and done for us

In your language you have a form of poetry called the sonnet

What's that got to do with the Happy Medium?

There are fourteen lines, I believe, all in iambic pentameter. It's a very strict rhythm or meter, yes?

Yes

And each line has to end with a rigid rhyme pattern

And if the poet doesn't do it exactly this way, it isn't a sonnet, is it?

No

But within this strict form the poet has complete freedom to say whatever he wants, doesn't he?

Yes

So

So what?

Oh, do not be stupid, boy! You know perfectly well what I'm driving at!

You mean you're comparing our lives to a sonnet? A strict form, but freedom within it?

Yes. You're given the form, but you have to write the sonnet yourself. What you say is completely up to you

Please—

Please. If I've got to go, I want to go *now* and get it over with

Sshee iss rrightt. Itt iss ttime

You may say good-bye, Meg

Thank you all. Very much. I know you saved my life

Saved it for what? So IT could get me?

Thank you. I love you

And I, you, little one

Cal-

I'm– I'm sorry, Father

Sorry for what, Megatron?

Don't cry, don't cry!

I

I wanted you to do it all for me. I wanted everything to be easy and simple

So I tried to pretend it was all your fault–

Because I was scared, and I didn't want to have to do anything myself–

But I wanted to do it for you. That's what every parent wants

I won't let you, Meg. I am going

No

You are going to do Meg the privilege of accepting this danger.

You are a wise man, Mr Murry

You are going to let her go

Little Megaparsec, don't be afraid to be afraid. We will try to have courage for you. That is all we can do. Your mother–

Mother was always shoving me out into the world. She'd want me to do this. You know she would. Tell her–

Um

No, never mind. I'll tell her myself

Good girl. Of course you will

Are you going with me?

No. Only Mrs Which

The Black Thing–

When Father tessered me through it, it almost got me

Your father is singularly inexperienced. We will not let the Black Thing get you

I don't *think*

PAT PAT

But suppose I can't get Charles Wallace away from IT–

Stop

We gave you gifts the last time we took you to Camazotz. We will not let you go empty-handed this time.

But what we can give you now is nothing you can touch with your hands

I give you my love, Meg

Never forget that My love always

Your father is right. The virtue is gone from them

And what I have to give you this time you must try to understand not word by word, but in a flash, as you understand the tesseract

Listen, Meg. Listen well

The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are

May the right prevail!

I ccannnot! hhoikkd yyourr hannndd, chilkkd

Gasp!
Th the cold!
But Mrs Which won't let it get me!

I hhave nnott ggivenn yyou mmyy ggiftt
Yyou hhave ssomethinngg thatt ITT hhass nnott
Thiss ssomethingg iss yyourr onlly wweapponn
Bbutt yyou mmusstt ffinndd itt fforr yyourrsellff

CLICK!
Was it just time to put the lights out?
Or did they put them out because of me?
BRRRR

What have I got that IT hasn't got?

What?

IT isn't used to being resisted

Father said that's how he managed, and how Calvin and I managed as long as we did

Father saved me then, but there's nobody to save me now

I have to do it myself

I have to resist IT by myself. Is that what I have that IT hasn't got?

No, I'm sure IT can resist IT just isn't used to having other people resist

I'm going to Charles Wallace. That's what's important. That's what I have to think of

I wish I could feel numb again, the way I did at first–but Father said it was all right for me to be afraid

Go ahead and be afraid

And Mrs Who said–I don't understand *what* she said, but I think it was meant to make me not hate being only me, and me being the way I am.

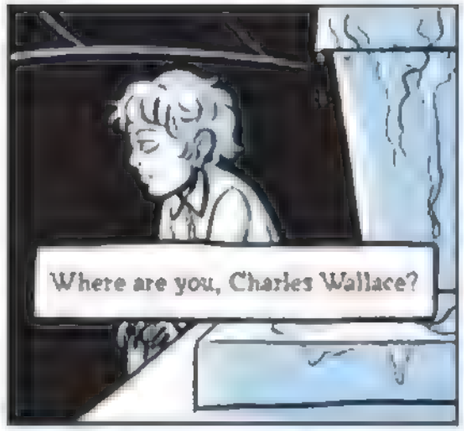
And Mrs Whatsit said to remember that she loves me

That's what I have to think about. Not being afraid. Or not being as smart as IT

Mrs Whatsit loves me. That's quite something, to be loved by someone like Mrs Whatsit

Charles

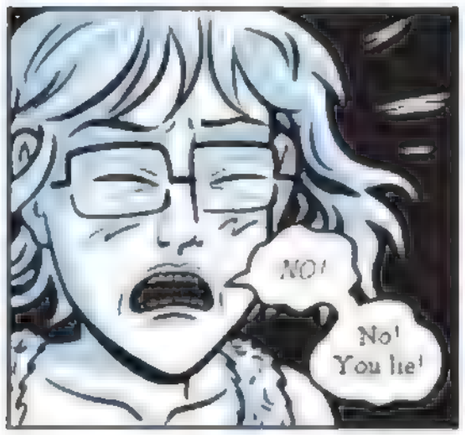
Oh, Charles! That's not you!


Where are you, Charles Wallace?

What is it I have got that IT hasn't got?
You have nothing that IT hasn't got

How nice to have you back, dear sister
We have been waiting for you

We knew that Mrs Whatsit would send you She is our friend, you know


NO!
No! You lie!

As long as I can stay angry enough IT can't get me
Is that what I have that IT doesn't have?

Nonsense You have nothing that IT doesn't have
You're lying

I hate you, boy-who-is-not-Charles-Wallace!
I hate you!

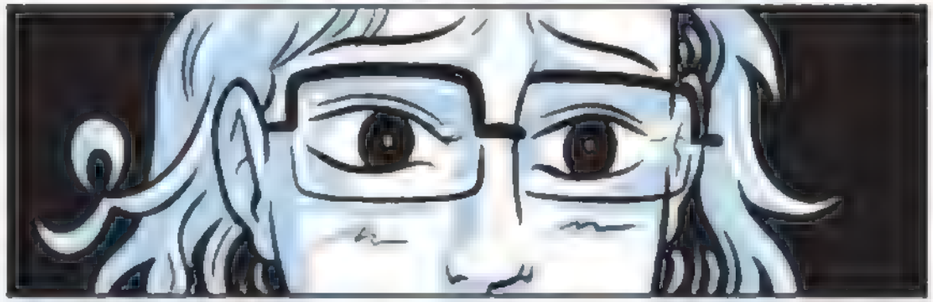
I hate you!

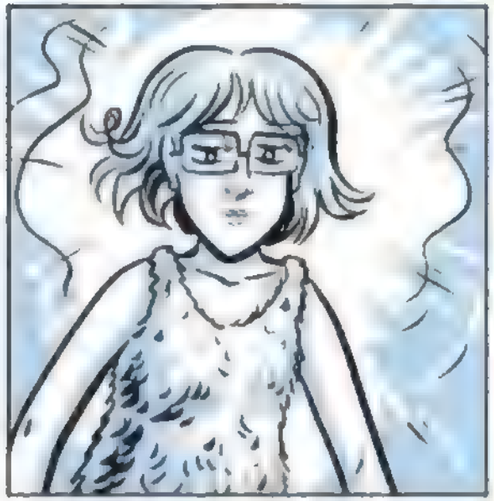
I hate you!

NO!

No! You're lying!
Hate's not what IT doesn't have! IT knows all about hate!

You're lying about that and you were lying about Mrs Whatsit!
Mrs Whatsit hates you

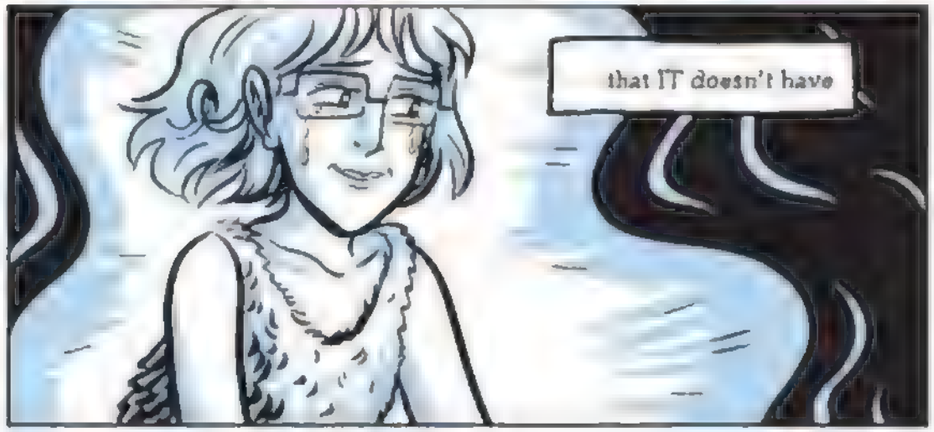




Mrs Whatsit loves me
That's what she told me—that she loves me

Love

That's what I have


that IT doesn't have

I have Mrs Whatsit's love,
and Mother's,
and Father's,
and the *real* Charles Wallace's,
and the twins',
and Aunt Beast's
And I have my love for them But how can I use it? What am I supposed to do?

If I could love IT, maybe it would shrivel up and die
I can't love IT But
I can love Charles Wallace

Charles

Charles, I love you

My baby brother who always takes care of me

Come back to me, Charles Wallace!

Come away from IT, come back, come home

I love you, Charles
Oh, Charles Wallace,
I love you

I love you

Charles Wallace, you are my darling and my dear and the light of my life and the treasure of my heart

I love you

I love you

I love you

I love you!
I love you, Charles! I love you!
Meg! Meg!
Meg!
I love you, Charles! I love you, I love you, I love you!

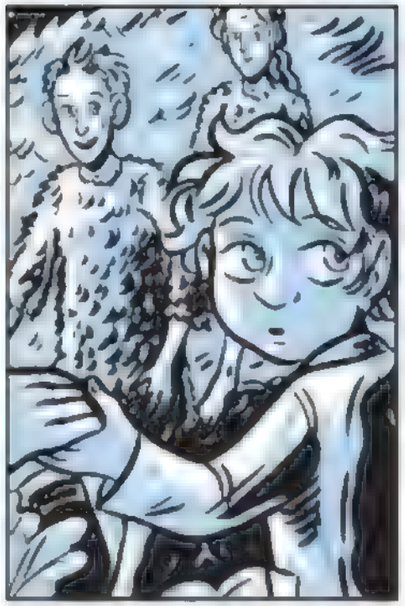
I love you!

Meg!
Oh, Meg!
Meg, you saved me! You saved me!

Meg!

Father! Cal!

Where are we?



In the twins' vegetable garden! And we landed in the broccoli!

Meg, you did it! You saved Charles!

I'm very proud of you, my daughter
Now I must go in to Mother
Look!

First thing tomorrow I must get some new glasses
Hey, Meg, it's bedtime!
Father!

?

Hush!

whoooooo

Oh, my darlings, I'm sorry we don't have time to say good-bye to you properly. You see, we have to–

PRAISE FOR *A WRINKLE IN TIME: THE GRAPHIC NOVEL*

"Know somebody who hasn't met Mrs Whatsit, Mrs Who, or Mrs Which? Larson's colorful panels bring Madeleine L'Engle's BRILLIANT TIME-TRAVEL FAVORITE to life in an exciting new way. This is page-turning eye candy of the HIGHEST ORDER."

—JAMES PATTERSON